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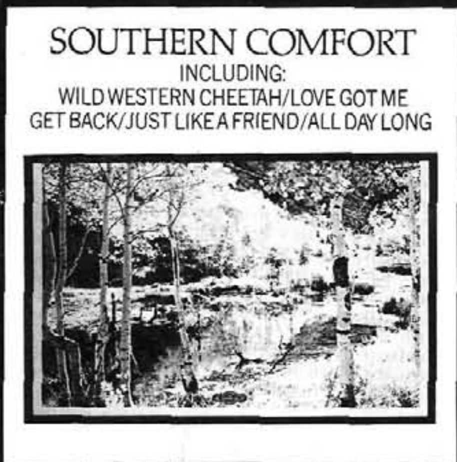
JULY, 1970 **NATIONAL** 75 CENTS

LAMPOON



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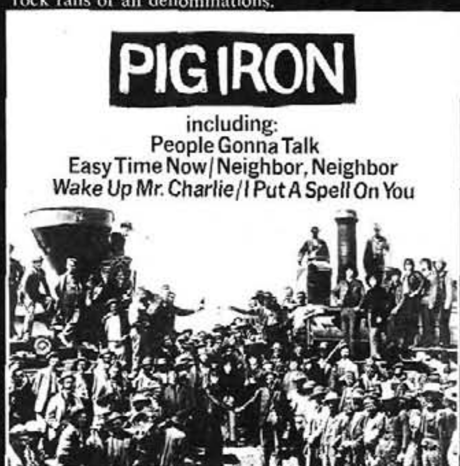
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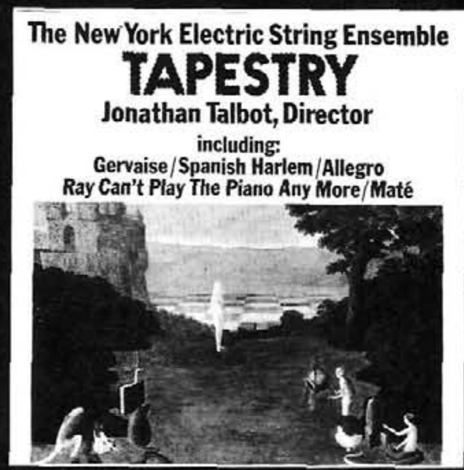


Southern Comfort is an exciting new band from San Francisco led by ex-Mother Earth drummer/vocalist Reverend Stawlings, who should get an immediate response from rock fans of all denominations.



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Nobody pays higher taxes. Or higher rents.

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No one waits longer to see a good movie, or get a leaking faucet fixed, or even just to get a waiter's attention. (Not to mention waiting for ghost trains on the Long Island and Penn Central railroads.)

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WINS is as fast-paced in tone and style as the community itself. Because we serve a people who make news as fast as we can report it.

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We're there with *all the news all the time.* 24 hours a day.

Because as bad as the news may sometimes be, New Yorkers have an insatiable need to know.

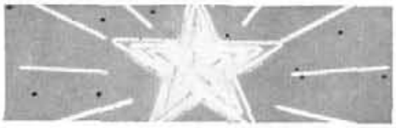
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GROUP W

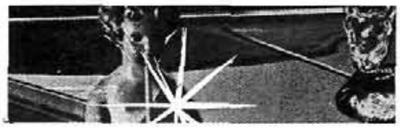
WESTINGHOUSE BROADCASTING COMPANY

Vol. 1, No. 4 # Contents July, 1970

















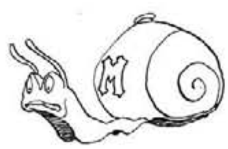








COLUMNS



FEATURES

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☐ Popular Vocalists ☐ Country/Western
☐ Movies & Shows ☐ Jazz ☐ Teen

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☐ Mrs. ____________________
☐ Miss

Address ____________________

City ____________________ State ____________________

Zip ____________________

F5ZA F5ZB

NATIONAL LAMPOON

—LETTER FROM THE EDITOR—

Two weeks before press time, the President of the United States committed combat ground "advisers" to the liberation of a somewhat surprised and bewildered Cambodia. Since the troops were to stay for only two months, they have certainly left by the time you read this magazine. All that remains is for the American people to give our military commanders a hard-earned "Well done!"

Nevertheless, it seems that the people of Cambodia did not get to enjoy the full benefit of our traditional *Pox Americana.* South Vietnam, once an underdeveloped Asian sump full of mosquitoes, overcooked rice and foreigners, has blossomed forth under our tutelage into a veritable Eden of rusted tanks, Coca-Cola bottles and highly decorative half-breeds.

It is this sort of rags-to-nouveaux riches story that often deludes the American people into thinking the U.S. of A. has some sort of mystical monopoly on bad taste and vulgarity. While our Fighting Team labors in ungrateful vineyards to make the world safe for mediocrity, we tend to forget that the Ugly American palls beside such archetypal louts as the Russian boor or the housefly-like Roman *paparazzi.* Where but in Paris can a tourist encounter the *fin de fin* in consummate bad manners? And who but the Germans can produce louts of almost ethereal stupidity?

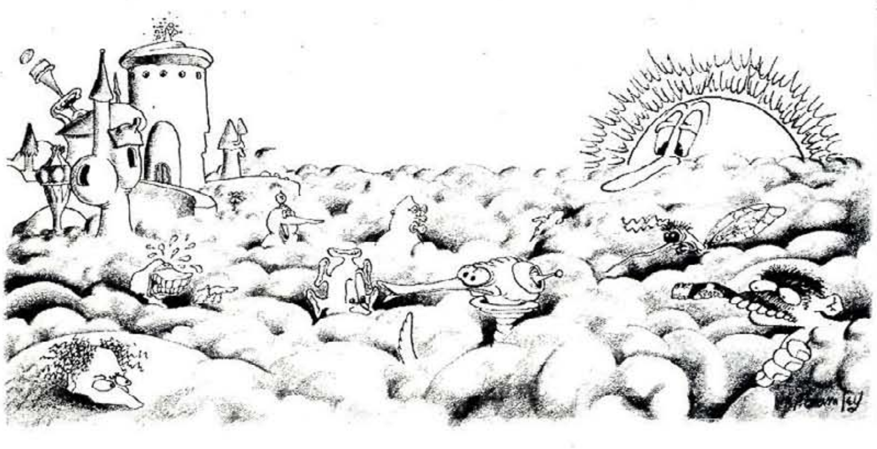
Bad taste, then, is not the sole property of any single race of Huns or Goths. It is a universal gift, as old as the first dirty knock-knock joke (told by Phoenician sailors in 2,000 B.C.) and as new as the latest Merle Haggard release or Russian fashion show.

American vulgarity is unrivaled in many ways, but a true barbarian knows no nationality. A boor is . . . *forever.*

—DCK

—THE COVER—

Winner of this month's Kwicky Kover Kontest is Rick "By-the-Numbers" Meyerowitz. Using a split-nib garden trowel and melted Crayola, Rick masterfully evokes that sense of elemental crudity that covers us, like Saran Wrap, from sea to shining sea. □



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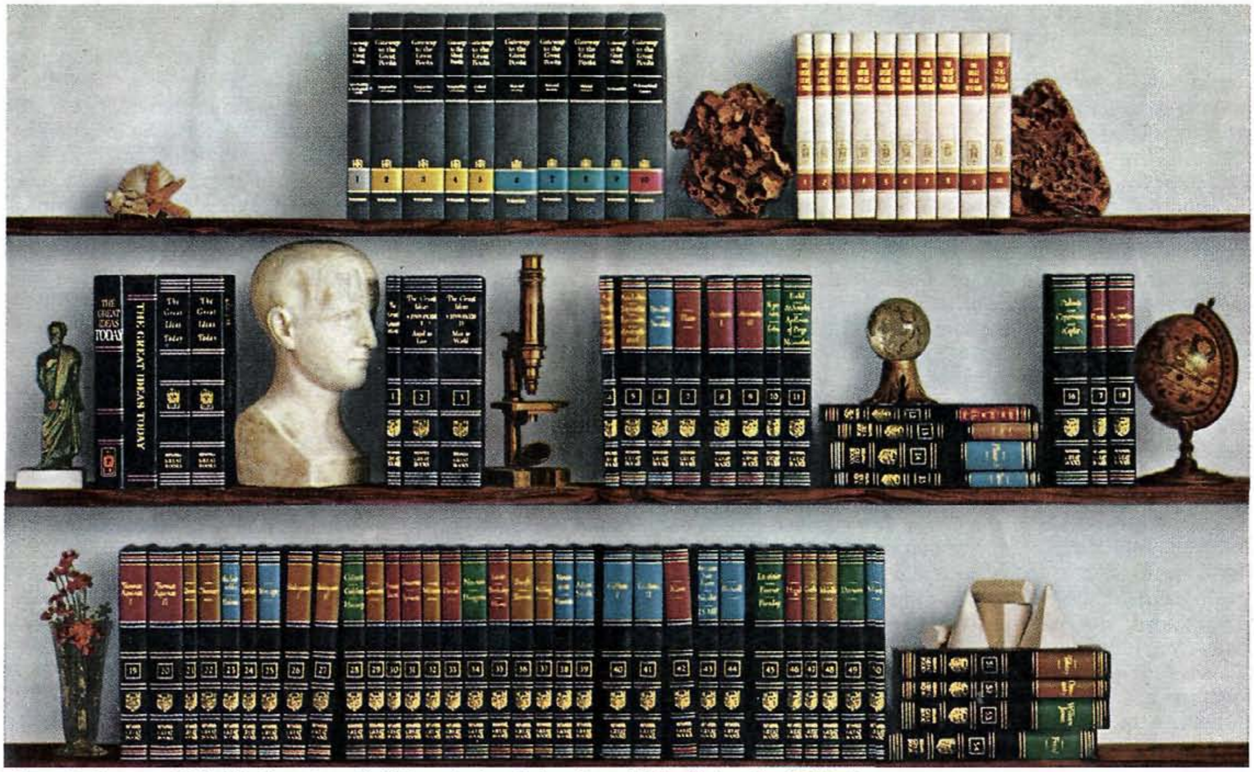
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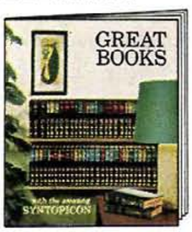
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GREAT BOOKS

Letters

Sirs:

Just take a look at those headlines in your morning paper — student unrest, international crises, crime on the increase, the latest assassination. . . . Sounds pretty grim, doesn't it?

"Where can I turn," you may hear yourself saying. "Where is true peace of soul?"

May we respectfully suggest that the rapidly growing and tax deductible practice of Carrot Worship may be the answer you've been looking for?! Carrot Worship, as you know, began almost 27 years ago in San Bernardino, Calif., when The Most Elevated Gregory Perkins was puttering around his Victory Garden after a rather lengthy cocktail party. Suddenly, without warning, he was awed by a vision of the Great Carrot, who bestowed upon him at that time the Sacred Seed Catalog, wherein all Truth, animal, vegetable and mineral, is contained. His past life having fallen away from him as an old husk, The Most Elevated Gregory Perkins soon gathered together a small but devoted core of disciples with which one day, we believe, the entire world will be converted to the Green-and-Orange Word.

A non-profit, non-sectarian organization, the Children of the Great Carrot invite you to attend one of our weekly Weeding Ceremonies, where all who believe may join in living union with the spirit of the Great *Daucus carota sativa.*

"What," you may ask, "does true peace have to do with some idiotic, biennial, spindle-shaped edible root with dry, two-carpellary fruits?" Simply fill out the attached card with your freewill donation of $463 or more and *find out today!*

G. Perkins
Universal Vegetable Church
San Bernardino, Calif.

Sirs:

Congratulations on your fourth issue! In this McLuhanesque age, it's great to see somebody starting a new mag. Particularly when you try to find a copy of *Liberty, Collier's* or *The Saturday Evening Post* at your newsstand. I must commend you fellows on your ability *and* your guts!

I give you five issues. Tops.

H. Hefner
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

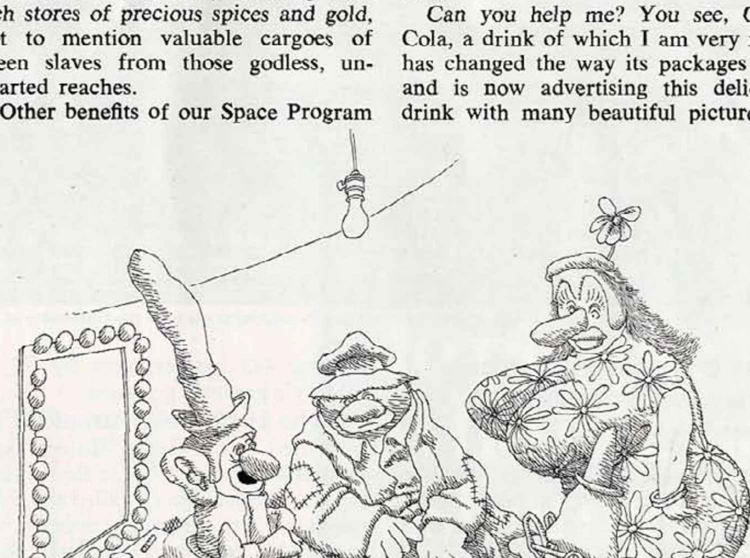
I notice that you have taken it into your pointed heads to make fun of our astronauts. Well, back in 1492 there were probably a lot of wiseacres making fun of Vasco Da Gama and his dream of finding the Northwest Passage, too! All I can say is, just you jokers wait. In a few years, American spacecraft will be returning from far-off solar systems, their holds fairly bursting with rich stores of precious spices and gold, not to mention valuable cargoes of green slaves from those godless, uncharted reaches.

Other benefits of our Space Program will include its use as a "safety valve" for all the excess people being born today. Just take all those gripers and welfare types, at gunpoint if necessary, and load them into the space galleons for the return trip. A few light years away there may be some lush, tropical planet where these misfits can be given the opportunity to make something of their shiftless selves. And if there isn't, that's okay, too, if you know what I mean.

Bruce Armbuster
Sandusky, Ohio

Sirs:

Can you help me? You see, Coca-Cola, a drink of which I am very fond, has changed the way its packages look and is now advertising this delicious drink with many beautiful pictures of



"... but, seriously. . . ."

Raquel Welch, the delicious movie woman. Does this mean that *she* drinks much delicious Coca-Cola, or do they mean that if *I* drink much delicious Coca-Cola, *she* will do many delicious things to *me*? Or, perhapsing, do they wish to say that if *I* drink the Coca-Cola, I will begin to *look like* the delicious lady? Please to be replying to this as I am new to your wonderful country and do not yet understand many of your wonderful customs.

Many thank-yous!

James Wing
San Francisco, Calif.

Sirs:

There are three approved methods of testing the domestic setting hen for Benson's croup. The first, of course, is the simple but somewhat hit-or-miss oil and vinegar force-feeding. The second, the hot-and-cold water dunk, is more effective but requires a 10-day observation period. But the loss of 10 egg-laying days can mean a hefty chunk taken out of your egg profits, not to mention all that godawful squawking from a lot of damp chickens.

The third method, recently developed by the Department of Agriculture, involves a form of poultry psychotherapy. The suspected diseased bird is taken to a reliable psychiatrist and prepared for a rigorous gamut of Rorschach, cognitive and manipulative examinations. You then inform the hen that it will be responsible for the entire medical bill.

In 93 per cent of all cases, if the hen is "faking" Benson's croup, it will show a remarkable "recovery" *within a matter of minutes*. The bird may then be returned to the coop after receiving the appropriate punishment of your choice.

E. T. Benson
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Is there a family of Nazis in *your* neighborhood? That "kindly old couple" next door may *look* just like average, law-abiding Americans, but *don't be fooled*. Do they, for example, habitually drive automobiles of *German manufacture?* Does there emanate from their home the telltale cry of a cuckoo clock? Do they exhibit a strange attachment for Wayne Newton's *Danke Schöen?*

If you can answer "yes" to any of these questions, you may have a nest of suspected war criminals *hiding right under your nose*. At this very moment they may be up in their swastika-bedecked attic goose-stepping like nobody's business. *Probably on the American flag.*

Remember, only Americans can protect America.

Gladys Gold
Levittown, N.Y.

☐



This is Louise.
Your subscription will brighten her day.

Before joining the *National Lampoon*, our computer Louise spent dreary days in the dimly lit switching rooms of a major telephone company giving out busy signals and wrong numbers and billing housewives for six-hour satellite calls to New Guinea. Now she has found New Hope with the funniest magazine ever to be banned by the Mount Vernon (Iowa) Rotary.

Just send Louise this teeny coupon and she will regurgitate a monthly issue of unadulterated outrage into your mailbox. Wall Street, Pollution, Politics and Puberty will all be hoisted on their own petards or what have you. Yes! For just $5.95 you too can read the magazine that shocked Christine Keeler.

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A Twenty First Century Communications Publication

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Horrorscope

Tarot Deck (tä ro dek) n.; Egypt. tharoth. Charmed picture cards used to discern future events.

July 1, 1970. (*Magician*) Grinning and grimacing mossback messiah **William F. Buckley** suffers unusually severe facial spasm on weekly *Firing Line* program as he attempts to pronounce "egregiously." Face that launched a thousand snide remarks is frozen permanently into *risus sardonicus*. Smiling broadly, Buckley warns malady linked to fluoridation.

July 3, 1970. (*Queen of Spectacles*) **Jane Fonda,** cinemactress and 24-hour-alert social activist, decries "patronizing minority stereotypes" and publically dismembers cigar-store Indian, kicking off movement to "liberate every iron lawn-jockey, Japanese lantern and Chinese restaurant in racist America."

July 7, 1970. (*King of Hominy*) Not unaware of commercial success of live albums taped at Folsom Prison and San Quentin, country and western vocal-yokel **Johnny Cash** announces newest release, *Johnny Cash at Bellevue Mental Hospital.* Hit-bound cuts include *Clair de Lune, Those Lazy, Hazy, Crazy Days of Summer* and *Bewitched (Bothered and Bewildered)*.



July 10, 1970. (*Knight of Molehills*) Republican majority leader **Gerald R. Ford** demands impeachment of Supreme Court Justice **William O. Douglas,** citing judge's new book, *Up Against the Wall, Constitutional Democracy*. Proceedings dropped when Douglas craftily proves Ford could not have read volume in question because of its lack of pictures and use of big words.

July 15, 1970. (*The Serpent's Tooth*) **Svetlana Alliluyeva,** gossipy Stalinist scion, agrees to serialize *Twenty Letters to a Friend* as lighthearted TV sitchcom titled *I Remember Papa*. Cast includes Burl Ives as Uncle Joe and Leonard Nimoy as the much-misunderstood Lavrenty Béria.

July 18, 1970. (*High Priest*) Notre Dame's feisty administrator **Father Theodore Hesburgh** rejects use of Indiana state police during student demonstration, stating desire to handle campus disturbances in own way. Protest leaders are suspended until first football game when half time festivities will include their crucifixion on home team goalpost.

July 22, 1970. (*Queen of Ravioli*) Motown Muzak-maker **Diana Ross** denies new "straight" image tailored to needs of Mafia-controlled nightclubs. Begins taping sessions for next album, *Diana Ross Remembers Lucky Luciano's Greatest Hits.*

July 26, 1970. (*Wheel of Fortune*) Syndicated supernatural weathervane **Jean Dixon** predicts "a monumental hoax" will soon be uncovered. The following day, she sets up permanent residence in Rio de Janeiro to retire on profits from books, column and lectures.

July 28, 1970. (*King of Wands*) Pop artist **Tom Wesselmann,** noted for using real female breasts in kicky constructions, unveils newest *objet* dubbed *Homage to John Dillinger* and equipped with fully extended male appendage. Showings will be given irregularly, however, due to unpredictable nature of artist's chosen medium.

July 29, 1970. (*Beast of Wonders*) In startling biological first, TV porpoise **Flipper** speaks first intelligible sentence to manager on location in Hollywood, Calif., announcing intention to run in coming gubernatorial election.

July 30, 1970. (*Knight of Formica*) Lawsuits fly when *Playboy* paterfamilias **Hugh Hefner** publishes exclusive nude photo spread claiming model to be privacy-prone actress **Greta Garbo.** In apologetic retraction, Hef admits misrepresentation and identifies real model as Monegasque cutie Grace Kelly.

July 31, 1970. (*King of Formaldehyde*) Quashing rumors of failing health, aging Argentine dictator **Juan Perón** appears publicly with doctors to prove vigor, after which physicians return *El Lider* to his specially built carrying case. □

It Happened Last Year

EARL WILLSON

FRANK SINATRA, MAE WEST, NANCY SINATRA, *Nancy Sinatra Sr., Sammy Davis Jr., Ricardo Montalban, Frankie Sinatra Jr., Mia Farrow, Ethel Merman* and the *Ritz Brothers* were all at *Ethel Merman's* opening at Ricky Passé's Dew Drop Inn, not together, tho. Ethel's show went off without a hitch except for a minor coronary during the last number. *Mia Farrow* commented on the beautiful net dress my B.M. (Beautiful Mother) was wearing.

* * *

RICARDO MONTALBAN AND MAE WEST ARE SPLITSVILLE. They were both at Ethel Merman's opening at the Dew Drop Inn, but definitely *not* together. Both were very sweet to my Beautiful Mother, tho. Mae ragged the B.M. about her lovely net dress. *"What kinda fish you bring home in those nets?"* quipped Mae.

SYLVIA'S SILVERWARE IS SICK, the Nu-Nude Rock Musical about Brigham Young and the founding of the Mormon Church, is slated to open at the Fontanne-Pidgeon Theatre with a big wing-ding at Ricky Passé's Dew Drop Inn to follow. Show will star ex-burly-q teaser Choo-Choo Berkowitz as the Arch-angel Moroni. Bosomy Choo-Choo has very decided opinions about the theater: "The theater sucks," said lively Choo-Choo with a pert little smile, "and I'm not too crazy about weaselly little gossip columnists, either." Choo-Choo has a "yen" to travel to Nationalist China, where her father runs a model agency for young girls.



CHOO CHOO BERKOWITZ
Fallen Angel?

* * *

SECRET STUFF: A Very Famous Personality has been doing some Very Dirty Things with the members of a Girl Scout troop he met on a telethon.

* * *

IMPRESARIO BILLY BORING and better half Fritzy Ritz are Quickie-Divorcing in Mexico. Both Fritzy and Billy were very sweet to my Beautiful Mother during her painful bout with leprosy last fall.

THE RITZ BROTHERS have been inked to play the role of Sylvia's silverware in the Nu-Nude Rock Musical *Sylvia's Silverware Is Sick.* Their guarantee will run well into three figures. . . . One figure we hope to see more of belongs to curvaceous Sally Tattletale, currently headlining at Dicky Declassé's Mo-Z-Inn with her all-star hamster revue.



SALLY TATTLETALE
Animal Magnetism!

* * *

EARL'S PEARLS: "My room at the Americana is so small," quips comic Billy Banter, "even the mice have hunchbacks."

* * *

TODAY'S BEST LAUGH: Funnyman Sammy Sneer describing his suite at the Hilton: "It's so small that when I die, they're just gonna put handles on it."

That's Earl, Brother.

Mrs. Agnew's Diary

Party Lights, Part II

Dear Diary,

Last time I was telling you about the get-together Pat and Dick had in the Green Room. Well, yesterday they had another one, and this one was, in my opinion, much more fun. As usual, Spiggy didn't want to go, but I kept telling him that he has to keep up if he wants the you-know-what in 1976. Spiggy doesn't talk about "it" much, but I know "it's" always on his mind. I remember Spiggy and Harry Dent talking about "it" the night Teddy Kennedy got into all that trouble with that poor girl. "All we have to do now," Spiggy was saying, "is get some photos of Ed Muskie doing it to a cocker spaniel or something and we're set." Harry said something about crossing bridges when they came to them, and we all laughed. Harry certainly has a remarkable sense of humor.

Anyway, when we got to the White House, everybody was talking about the bombing. Mel Laird came over and asked Spiggy what he thought about the bombing and Spiggy said those bastards should be lined up against a wall and ventilated like Swiss cheese. Mel laughed and said he didn't mean the *bad* bombing, like in New York, he meant the *good* bombing, like over there. Spiggy chuckled, too, and said something clever, but I forget what it was.

Dick said hello to us and took Spiggy aside for a few minutes. I asked Spiggy what it was about, but he just muttered something about how the goddamn *New Republic* may have found out about the camps. I told Spiggy that camps were probably a good thing for the *New Republic* to find out about, since *they* were the ones who were always writing about the poor people not getting enough fresh air and sunshine and things. But Spiggy said I shouldn't talk about things I didn't know anything about and *these* camps were supposed to be a secret. Although I personally don't approve of what Spiggy calls "those goddamn giveaways," I think it's sort of sweet that Dick is planning to give those liberals a nice surprise. I asked Spiggy if maybe it would be a good idea if I did some volunteer work at one of the surprise camps this summer, but Spiggy said they weren't that sort of camp and I should keep quiet. Well, Spiggy's the boss.

Then we chatted with John Mitchell and Ricky Kleindienst for a while. Jo-jo was telling Ricky that maybe Julius Hoffman might not make a bad Supreme Court Justice, even though he wasn't a Republican. Spiggy said sure, because we'd have to appoint a kike to *something* before the elections. I think he said it too loud, though, because Hyman Rickover turned around and gave Spiggy a look. Spiggy smiled one of his big smiles and said he was only kidding and some of his best friends were pork-sniffers and slapped him on the back. Hyman still looked upset and it might have developed into a Sticky Situation if Mary Kay Blount hadn't rung the gong to announce the door prizes. (Binky won the Amana freezer and Whit Chambers got the lifetime subscription to *National Review*, which made everybody laugh because everybody knows he can get them for free.)

I looked for Spiggy afterwards, but he'd disappeared. I asked around but no one had seen him, until Alice Longworth said he'd asked her if she'd used up her drink chits yet. Finally, I found him over by the snack table telling jokes to Pat, who didn't seem to be laughing very hard. She gets worried at her parties, particularly about her new hooked rugs, and Spiggy was spilling his punch a bit as he talked. Pat always carries a few coasters to put under people's drinks, and I think Spiggy was making her nervous.

Anyway, Spiggy saw me and yelled "Hi, honey," and threw open his arms for a hug, accidentally knocking Joe Alsop into the punch bowl. Spiggy realized he was mad and tried to dry him off with some paper napkins, but Joe got *even madder* when Pat tried to put a coaster under him. Right away I told Spiggy we'd better be going before we wear out our welcome because Pat was *really* nervous now, but Spiggy said Pat was *always* nervous and that was Dick's problem, not his. I was going to put my foot down about leaving right away, but little Trish came over with her new beau from West Point to say hello. Spiggy (who was a little toddled, I think) shook his hand and made a joke about how he looked like an elevator operator with a cob up his behind, but I don't think the boy saw that Spiggy was only kidding. Spiggy winked at Trish as they left and gave her a goose. She screamed and two of the White House guards rushed over to see what was the matter.

Well, it was almost 11 anyway, so I told Spiggy we'd better leave. Right now. Spiggy said okay, although he didn't see what all the fuss was about. Spiggy told Mayor Washington to go scare up our coats and we got into the car. Spiggy was asleep before we even got home, and Juan and I had to sort of help him into bed. I suppose I should have scolded him, but he works so hard, I just don't have the heart to deny him a little fun once in a while, I suppose — oops! There's the phone.

That was Dick. He said he'd talked to Trish this morning and he wants to talk to Spiggy as soon as he wakes up. He said something about another around-the-world tour he wants us to go on. Tourist class.

I can't wait to tell Spiggy!

All for now,

Judy □



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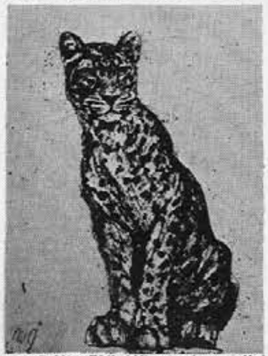
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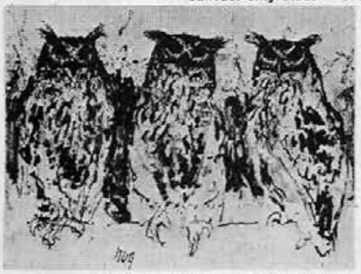
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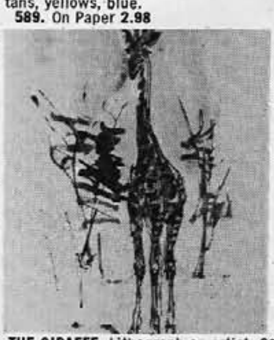
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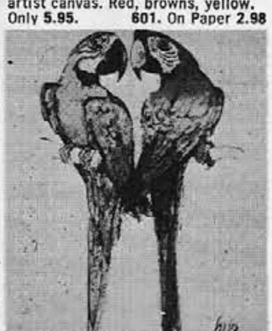
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I am Curious {Big Yaller}

There's a Hot Wind in Those Willows



ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD JOHANSON

Hollywood film makers seem finally to have discovered that if members of the over-30 or "mummy" age group see any movies at all, chances are that they watch them on television, and that they're the same movies they saw at the Orpheum and the Paramount in their youth (a time when, scientists now theorize, the continents were much closer together and the sun was a white dwarf). A few, of course, watch no movies at all, and spend their idle hours shaking their heads or their fists (or just shaking in general) and doing impressions of sofas. As a note of purely historical interest, it should be added that the parents of all these unfortunates (some of whom have recently turned up, preserved in amber, during the course of strip-mining in the Midwest) spent *their* time reading the books from which the movies were made and that *their* parents — but why go on? If supporters of the Big Bang theory of the universe's origin are right, that would have been roughly contemporaneous with the formation of the Crab Nebula.

In a companion discovery that followed the first by less than a decade, Hollywood found that the people who actually go to the movies are as far from the ballot box as the people for whom movies were made are from the pine variety. The median age of an audience today, as anyone who has had to put up with the acrid odor of chocolate cigarettes and the sound of hundreds of tiny gum heads "dropping" Jujubes can attest, is a one-digit number, probably 7. There are, of course, only two ways of reaching such a group: with dirty movies, which have an appeal that stretches all the way down through the phylum Chordata to clams and the lesser brachiopods, and with "youth" movies, which treat sub-

jects close to untransplanted hearts. The combination of the two, as Hollywood has found, is unbeatable.

The following are a few scenes from some of the new movies, mostly remakes, in the works. No one under 12 admitted without a note signed by the Secretary of the Treasury.

Lassie: Memoirs of a Dog of Pleasure. (With Shelley Winters as Ma, Robert Redford as Timmy, and Jane Fonda as Lassie.) The scene is set on a small farm on the Calabash. On the windowsill a hot apple pie and some fresh cookies are taking the air. Ma is in the washtub with Lefty, the hired hand. Timmy rushes in from the north 40, where the marijuana is slowing turning a ripe brown.
Timmy: Ma, Ma, Lassie's gone away.
Ma: Take it easy, Timmy. She's got her own life to live.
Lefty: I told you you shoulda had that mutt fixed.
Timmy. But, Ma, I thought Lassie and I were fren's.
Lefty: Where did you get this kid?
[Cut to a cornfield. Lassie is adjusting her flea collar. A large spotted terrier appears.]
Spot: Hey, sugar, let me dig you up a bone.
Lassie: Kiss off, dogdish.
Spot: My friends call me Spot.
Lassie: Why don't you go fetch a stick or something?
Spot: Ha, ha, I like 'em mean. What do you say we go over to my place and look at my papers? Eh, baby?
Lassie, Keep your paws to yourself, pooch.
Spot: Okay, sister, if you want to play hard to get . . .
Lassie: No, no, woof. Stop, woof. You beast.
Spot: Arf.

Easy Boatman. (With Dustin Hoffman as Huck, Ali McGraw as Bessie, Peter Fonda as Tom, and Richard Hooks as Jim.) The scene opens on a flatboat in the Mississippi. It has an "ape-hanger" tiller, a capsize bar, and a small shingled shock plastered with 22-star flags and handbills with slogans like "Stop the War in Mexico," "Free Dred Scott" and "Legalize Cornsilk." Tom and Huck are sitting on the edge of the raft, whitewashing picket signs.
Tom: We got to get to the 'stablishment, Huck. We got to radic'l'ize the masses. We got to shut down the schoolhouses.
Huck: I reckon so, Tom, though it beats me how we going to do all those things.
Bessie: I've made it with Huck Finn!
Jim: We got to throw out th' Uncle Remuses.
Tom: Right on, Jim. We got to march, we got to organize.
Bessie: I've made it with Tom Sawyer!
Tom: The steamboats are pollutin' the Mississippi. Log cabins are substandard housing. The masses are sellin' out for 40 acres an' a mule.
Bessie: I've made it with Edgar Allen Poe!
Tom: What d'you say, Huck?
Huck: I don't know, Tom. I'm feelin' kind of hassled. Reckon I'll just split to the Coast and open up a sandal shop or somethin'.
Bessie: Oooo, wow!

I, an Urchin. (With William Kunstler as Fagin, Faye Dunaway as Mary, and David Hemmings as Oliver.) The scene takes place in a run-down garret in Cheapside. The floor is littered with old copies of the *Daily Drudge, Workhouse Magazine* and *London on Tuppence a Day*. The walls are piled high with books wrapped in brown paper. Fagin is seated at a crude easel, etching a suggestive mezzotint, as Oliver comes in.
Fagin: Well, Oliver, me lad, and how's the little waif today?
Oliver: Great, Fagin, old shoe, just great. Eaten any babies recently?
Fagin: Very funny. Did ye make the delivery?

Oliver: To old man Brownlowe? You bet. Wow, what a sickie. *Fanny Hill, Memoirs of a Maid, A Gentleman's Tale.* Hot stuff.
Fagin: Oliver, dear boy, I think it's time we had a little talk about your future in the business . . .
Oliver: Later. Where's Mary?
Fagin: She's in the bindery.
[Cut to a cramped back room.]
Mary: Oliver!
Oliver: Come here, you Christmas pudding.
Mary: Oh, Oliver, ye've such a nice way o' talkin'.
Oliver: Mary, you'll see. Someday we'll have a nice little Gropius country home all filled with stupid lamps from Design Research and Modigliani prints and ashtrays made out of meteorites.
Mary: Yes, Oliver.
Oliver: Meanwhile, let's try to forget . . .
Mary: No, Oliver, don't . . .
Oliver, More, more.

Russ Meyer's The Mohican. (With Michael Pollard as Chingachook and Robert Redford as Deerslayer.) The scene is set in a small clearing in the forest primeval. Just visible in the background are Mt. Rushmore, Old Faithful and the Grand Canyon.
Chingachook: Many braves pass this way. Horses, too. Maybe a couple of snow-throws.
Deerslayer: How can ye tell?
Chingachook: Look, my friend, see how ground is all messed up, no grass? It is a path.
Deerslayer: The eye of Chingachook is keen.
Chingachook: It was a snap.
[There is a sound of breaking twigs and dropped arrowheads, and about a dozen squaws trip into the clearing.]
Deerslayer Who be these comely maids o' the woods?
Chingachook: They are squaws of the Creosote tribe, by the looks of their gear.
Squaws [in unison]: Welcome to Earth People's Park.
[Cut to a tepee painted with peace signs.]
Leering Dove: Deer are a threatened species. You shouldn't . . . no, oooh.
Deerslayer: Ah, you noble savage.

The Story of Oz. (With Candice Bergen as Dorothy, Keir Dullea as the Scarecrow, John Voight as the Tin Woodsman, Richard Harris as the Cowardly Lion, and Carol Baker as the Wicked Witch of the West.) The scene starts in the cottage of the Witch. It is made entirely of rubber. Inside, the Witch, dressed in a leather jumpsuit, is terrorizing Dorothy and her friends.
Witch: And now, my dearies, it's time for some fun. Here, Dorothy, take this cat-o'-nine-tails.
Dorothy: Say, this looks a little on the sick side.
Witch: You bet.
Tim Woodsman: I've heard some stories about this place . . .
Witch: They're all true, my ferrous friend.
Cowardly Lion: I think I'll go hustle up a stash . . .
Witch: Not so fast, fourfoot.
Scarecrow: What are you going to do?
Witch: That's for me to know, and you to find out—slowly.
Dorothy: Tell me more.

No dice, Dottie. It would be like taking a baby to *Candy*. □

Take Me Out to the War Game

by Gerald Astor

Hold That Line! Block That Gook!



Good afternoon, war fans. This is Clint Hardy and we're here at the strategic Bong Son Rice Bowl where the U.S. Marines will host the invading Pathet Cong. Before today's encounter, we have General Mickey Maris of the Leathernecks up in our broadcast chopper. But before we chat with General Maris, let's hear a brief message from our sponsor."

"Today's contest is brought to you by Hurts, the company that puts you in the command post. Right now, your local Hurts Rent-A-Weapons System has the brand new F-4 Phantom, the airplane used by Israel to shut out the Egyptians. These Phantoms come fully equipped with the latest "spy in the night" radar system, wing tanks for those extra long missions plus stereophonic sound with your choice of classical, folk rock or documentary accounts of great wars of the past. And for this week only, we're including, at no extra cost, a 20-millimeter nose cannon complete with ammo. Optional accessories include J-55 air-to-ground rockets, napalm tanks and nerve gas canisters — all at low, low prices. These 1970 Phantoms can be leased either by the combat mile or by the mission. All items fully covered by insurance. War now and pay later — and if you're a winner, of course you can collect every cent from the enemy. Major credit cards accepted. And for you foot troops, Hurts now offers surplus General Sherman tanks only slightly battle worn, the AK 15 automatic rifles used by the Viet Cong so effectively and the new super fragmentation hand grenades, the most effective crowd scatterer yet developed. Remember, whether it's an insurrection, a police action or just a plain, simple, out-and-out war, you have an ally in Hurts."

"Now, General Maris, let's talk about today's game. How tough are the Pathet Cong?"

"Well, as you know, Clint, they've been very tough for everybody this year. They have a lot of desire, they hit hard and they don't panic easy."

"Do you have any special strategy, a game plan for the day?"

"I wouldn't want to tip our hand in advance. We've trained hard and we've studied their combat films, same as I imagine they've studied ours. But we do have jellied napalm and the Gook squad has shown itself vulnerable to temperatures of 800 to 1,000 degrees and to phosphorous burns. Their short game is quite good, they hide the bomb well and don't worry about getting hurt if they throw it."

"How about your people, General? What's their morale? I mean, after the Bong Son Bowl, you still have to play in the Iron Triangle."

"Clint, we like to fight them one at a time. We know these little yellow monkeys are tough. We respect 'em, but they put their black pajamas on one leg at a time."

(continued)

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"There's been some talk about spectators getting hurt. Do you have any comment?"

"As you know, war is a tough, rough game. Sometimes, in the heat of battle, a guy loses his head and starts firing his M-15 indiscriminately. Or maybe a helicopter gun ship doesn't catch the audible when the play begins and he sprays the fans with a few rockets. It's unfortunate, but you can't make an omelet without breaking some eggs."

"Still, doesn't this conflict with the government's campaign to win the hearts and minds of the people?"

"I look at it this way, Clint. When a game is over, you're either a winner or a loser. There's no neutral ground, you can't really sit in the grandstand and just be a spectator. Now, some folks do get confused and can't seem to make up their minds whether they're for you or against you. You can gamble that they'll eventually join up with you. But, a good general must always prepare for the worst – suppose they elect the other team? With this as our basic premise, we'll shoot up a village or destroy a town. The fire power we have is the best argument to convince people that they ought to get on the winning side – ours. Sometimes you have to kill or maim in order to save the natives from making a really tragic bad decision. And when I see some kid with an arm blown off or a woman who's taken a mortar round in the gut, it shakes me up. But you can't let sentiment get in the way of facts. Better dead than Red is the only way to play the game."

"We heard rumors, General, that you might be relieved, especially after the Triffid Minh whipped you in Operation Torrey Canyon."

"Clint, I've been given a complete vote of confidence on that one. And we lost because, frankly, we had a bunch of guys sitting back on their tails counting the days to their terminal leave. They just weren't hungry like those Triffid Minh. But we've made some changes, sort of on-the-job conversions. The last hill I sent them up took care of any guys who didn't have the moxie for the game."

"Do you have any feeling about the peace marches and antiwar demonstrations back home?"

"Like all Americans, I believe in the right to dissent. But when you don't support the home team, then I think it's not dissent, it's just bush stuff. This is the big leagues out here and any youngster who's worth his stuff wants to be brought up here where it's no more kid stuff. This is the really big game, kill or be killed."

"Thanks very much, General Maris. I see the first white phosphorus bomb exploding in the swamp and it's about time to play war. But first, a word from your local station." □

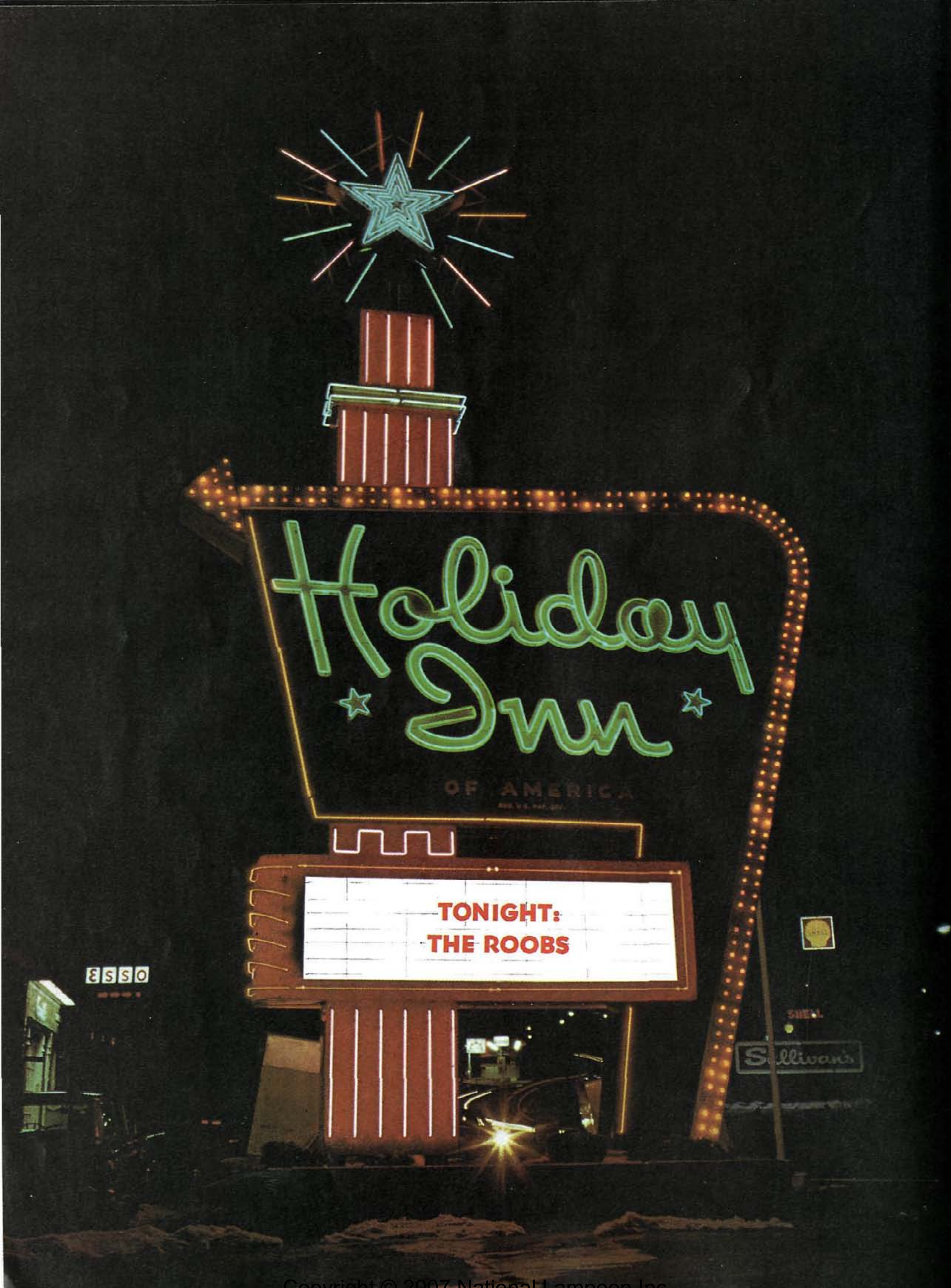
"Bad taste, as such, cannot be defined save as that subtle disharmony within man that alters and perverts the natural wonder around him."

—Spinoza

BAD TASTE



ILLUSTRATION BY BILL SKURSKI


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Fred Allen was once asked where his audiences came from. "There's a slow leak in Iowa," he replied.

The word "rube" (from Reuben) was originally used by carnival people to identify the farmers, yokels and assorted rural types who attended their itinerant bacchanal and who, thrust into the exotic atmosphere of the carnival, behaved badly. "Hey, rube!" was the classic cry for help used by the carnies when the locals began acting up.

In his own environment this old-time, or classic, rube possessed many virtues: courage, loyalty, honesty and the basic virtue from which all others must stem—pride. The source of his pride was his ability to function. He could do things. He was dependable and self-confident. He was the yeoman longbowman at Crecy whose arrow storm destroyed the mounted chivalry of France. The classic rube withstood the unwithstandable winter at Valley Forge. He planted the fields and built the bridges and railroads of America. He was Harry Truman. He was okay.

But once the rube left the Midwest or Appalachia or Georgia or Vermont or wherever and went to the City, he became a misplaced person and he began to act badly again. He found himself in an anonymous urban society which neither challenged nor threatened him and which made no demands on him except as a Consumer. He became a Roob, with a capital *r*.

A *tragedy of the Roob's ascendancy is that it means the elimination of the classic rube.*

The American Roob today is a different proposition. He is no longer mainly Celtic-Anglo-Saxon-Protestant. There are Italian Roobs, Jewish Roobs, Greek Roobs, Afro-Roobs, College Professor Roobs, Art Expert Roobs and probably Junkie Roobs.

The Roob, whose ancestors have existed for millennia, is the eternal plebeian. His literary antecedents are Swift's Yahoo and Mencken's Boob. He is Ortega y Gasset's Mass Man. He is all the corporals in all the world's armies and he is always a product of the City. In Athens his progenitors murdered Socrates and condemned Aristotle; in Rome they demanded circuses and collaborated with Alaric; in Madrid they applauded the Inquisition and later Franco; in Paris they whooped it up around the guillotine; in London they beheaded Charles I; and in Berlin they almost Made It with Adolf Hitler. Time and again the latent Roob has appeared briefly in the foreground of history, never achieving power except as a mob and always being quickly repressed and condemned again to impotence.

But today in America the Roob, the mass man, has come into his own as a dynamic social force. For the first time his numbers are overwhelming, and he is consolidated. And for the first time he is affluent: as a result he has an appalling new weapon which he uses to impose his ideas and attitudes upon the total population. This weapon is his Purchasing Power. And pandering to it has become our largest national industry.

By exercising this power, the Roob is relentlessly pulling us all down to his level. He is eliminating all that is non-Roob in our culture. Gresham was right about more things than money when he said the Bad (completely) drives out the Good. More and more, the commonplace, the ordinary and the vulgar are becoming national goals.

This is not the result of a master plan conceived by some misanthropic genius, but of economic evolution. As industrialization shortened the work week, as fewer people were needed to produce food, leisure time increased radically, and the manufacture and sale of an increasing number of nonessential, frivolous items became necessary to keep the economy expanding. And so we began to turn more and more to Consumerism as an end in itself.

The Roob discovered in himself a great talent for consuming, a talent which would justify the sublimation of his personality into one overriding need—the need for Self-Gratification.

Accepting the concept of Self-Gratification and Fun as noble and moral imperatives, and ill-equipped to make decisions based on value, the Roob began automatically to react like a child or a savage to what the world eagerly offered him. If something sparkled or jangled, he said, "I like it." If not, he said, with considerably more vigor, "I don't like it!" He began, as children do, to define himself negatively ("Johnny won't eat mashed potatoes"; "Susan doesn't like meat"), and embraced an intellectual primitivism which requires no more intelligence than that possessed by a dog (a dog can easily say "I like it," "I don't like it").

In this two-orientational thought process, the phrase "I don't like it" has, as might be expected, become the more important. We are living in an age of "I don't like it."

In the planning of advertising or entertainment (and the two are becoming inseparable), no other factor is so important as "I don't like it." Great effort is made, not to introduce elements which might please, but to eliminate those which might "offend." If the producers of a TV show which presumes to have twenty million viewers receive ten letters complaining about something, pandemonium sets in. Meetings of top executives are held. Changes are ordered.

This literally does happen (yes, only ten letters can do it), but it is not as silly as it might seem because the Roob is already so standardized that if ten letters appear, usually written in pencil on ruled paper, it can be assumed that millions more have identical feelings: they didn't like it.

Although the hucksters who control the aptly named mass media think they are manipulating what they refer to as "the slobs," and although they spend millions on the latest scientific, Pavlovian methods, *they* are the ones who are being conditioned. When the Roob rings the bell, the media people are the ones who salivate. And so does American industry. All are caught in the trap of their own venality.

Manufacturers no longer aspire to make a "good" shoe

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL GOLD

or a "good" car. They try to make one for which there is an overwhelming demand. They have no interest in making or marketing a product for a small, specialized audience. All lust, with reason, for the mass sale; for with mass acceptance comes instant money and occasionally temporary celebrity. When that mass approval is withheld, the trip to the unemployment office, the couch or the A. A. meeting is inevitable.

PRICE'S FIRST LAW:
If everybody doesn't want it, nobody gets it.

"When I get scared and worried, I tell myself, 'Janis, just have a good time.' So I juice up real good and that's just what I have . . . it's a damn sight better than being bored."
—JANIS JOPLIN (quoted in *The New York Times,* February 23, 1969)



Basic Diction

Basic Roobs seldom pronounce *t* or *d* or a final *g*. Actually they have trouble with most consonants and are inclined to swallow their vowels, which lends a certain depressing originality to their speech. In Southern California even newscasters say "wunnerful" and "anna-bi-oddicks" and "in-c*ress*-ting." The word "interesting," pronounced in this manner, with the accent on the third syllable, is the infallible mark of the Roob. Non-Roobs say "*in*teresting."

OTHER EXAMPLES:
fack: that which is self-evident: "Thassa fack."
fure: less, as in "I got fure cavidys since I use Cress."
present: chief executive: "Heeza present of our bank."
innaleckshul: show-offy, nondemocratic
thur: third person plural: "Thur goin' to the bobbycue."
Pronesant: Methodist, Presbyterian, non-Catholic
hooya: as in "Hooya kiddin'?"
lug jury: use of high-class stuff.
pleece: officers of the law (a favorite of Hubert Humphrey)
oney: alone, as in "It's oney me."
on juice: a citric drink
Amurkin: U.S. citizen
wotcher: as in "Wotcher doin' t'marr?"
whenjer: as in "Whenjer bus go?"
li-berry: place where books are stored
goff: a game
finey: as in "I finey got my draff notice."
jeet-jet?: "Have you had any food recently?"
nuculer: a big, big bomb as described by our Secretary of Defense, Mr. Laird

In cities on the Eastern seaboard many Basics ignore *r*'s, substitute *d* for *th* and overemphasize internal *g*'s and *t*'s: "Ya brudda, da bah-tenda, he still goin' widda singa-ga from Long Guyland, hanh?"

In the South and Southwest the Roob tends to whine, producing a nasal sound commonly referred to, euphemistically, as a drawl. He accomplishes this by pronouncing all vowels except *e* as diphthongs: "aa-ee," "e," "hii-ee," "oh-uuu," "ee-yew."

Basic Vocabulary

Excluding proper names and the quasi-technical terms used in his job, the Basic's speaking vocabulary consists of no more than five hundred words. He will recognize, but never use, perhaps two thousand more. "Profound" is such a word. Also: "idolize," "remarkable," "massive," "tangible" and "subdue." None of these are adverbs. The Basic Roob never uses adverbs, and because of this he has introduced a linguistic atavism into our speech. When he wishes to qualify a verb, he says, "He was walkin' . . . slow like," using the original Middle English form, which in Elizabethan times became "slowlyke" and eventually "slowly." This retrogressive Roobism is probably the source of the excessively used "like" in the teenage and hip patois.

Although he is unswervingly hostile to real erudition or any sort of scholarship that does not pander to his myopic view of himself, the Roob occasionally wants to be considered "high-class" and feels the need to use "big words." He has the savage's belief that words have a reality of their own and feels that verbal complexities are a form of ritual magic which, when uttered, are a legitimate substitute for knowledge. Unfortunately he doesn't know any big words except "CinemaScope," so he uses compound words such as "insurancewise," "accident-prone," and "fun thing." A recent extension of this compulsion is the tendency to add extra syllables to existing words. In addition to making "interesting" a four-syllable word, the Roob now adds an extra syllable to "controversial," pronouncing it "con-tro-ver-see-al."



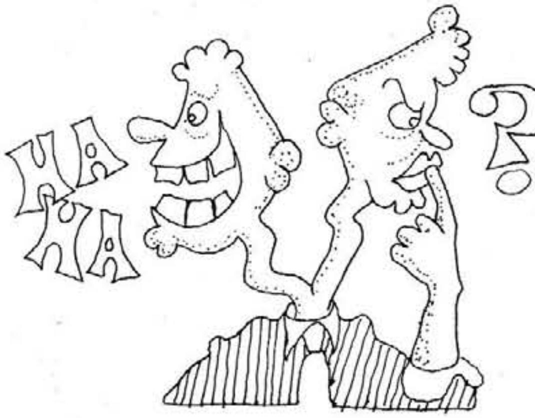
The Basic will often, especially when greeting his peers, use certain earthy expletives ("Gahdammit, Chief, you onna ball there, Boy?"), but there is no real Basic slang as such. He is, however, addicted to a number of condensed clichés which he uses in the belief that they add precision to his murky pronouncements:

fer free
plus witch
a person like yourself
onna ball
I buy that
same difference
be my guess
gourmay dish
cook-out
irregardless
no sweat
I could care less

Basic Conversation

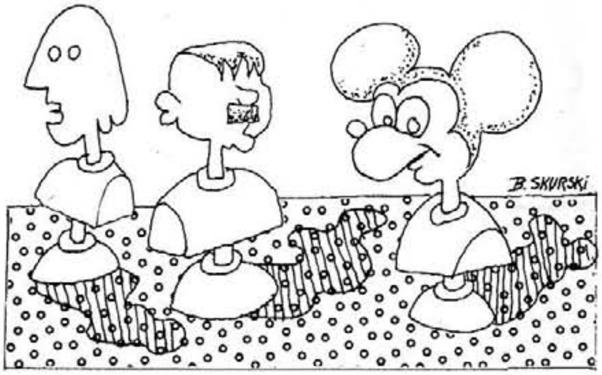
Where the classic rube was traditionally taciturn or laconic, the Basic Roob is a talker. A Basic conversation consists of two or more of them taking turns reciting what has happened to them recently. In order of importance the subjects of these recitals are:

(1) TV
(2) How much they had to drink last Saturday night or last week or the time they were in Chicago
(3) "Innaressting facks" about automobiles, prices of, routes, mileage
(4) "Innaressting facks" about job
(5) Sports (male only)
(5a) Kids, home furnishings, hair sprays, other people's kids, home furnishings (female only)
(6) Food, where eaten, size of portions, prices of
(7) Opinions (usually "don't-like") about politics, celebs and prices



Information

In spite of the Basic's compulsion to make instant and categoric judgments about everything, he has few points of reference upon which to base his opinions. Although the odds are five to one that he is a high school graduate, his lack of general information is bloodcurdling.



He recognizes a few names, but often has no specific idea of who they really are; he knows Hemingway was a writer, but does not know his first name or anything he ever wrote. Excluding a selected handful of television and film personalities, no more than four Presidents and/or Presidential aspirants and a clutch of active sports figures, he knows with any degree of assurance only:

George Washington	Abe Lincoln
Tarzan	Freud
Napoleon	The Jolly Green Giant
Jesus Christ	Rembrandt
Snoopy	Winston Churchill
Picasso	David (& Goliath)
Shakespeare	A. Hitler
Hemingway	Billy Graham
Julius Caesar	Mickey Mouse

He will recall having heard of, but be totally unable to identify:

Charlemagne	Macbeth
J. Paul Getty	Robert McNamara
Hannibal	Benedict Arnold
Moby Dick	Ralph Bunche

He will never have heard of:

Polonius	Henri Matisse
Winnie-the-Pooh	David Ben-Gurion
Norman Podhoretz	Norman Cousins

Basic Humor

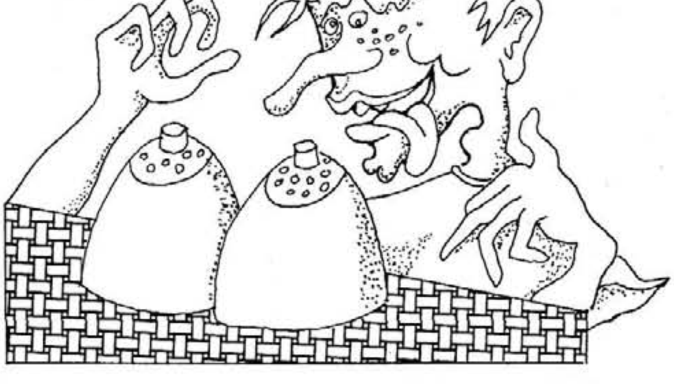
The Basic is actually a good-natured person and has a sense of humor. Unfortunately his lack of information or data about the non-Roob aspects of the world drastically limits his ability to appreciate it. He automatically resents any jokes which he doesn't *understand;* however, he will laugh easily at those he does, including those which make fun of himself (but not of his culture).

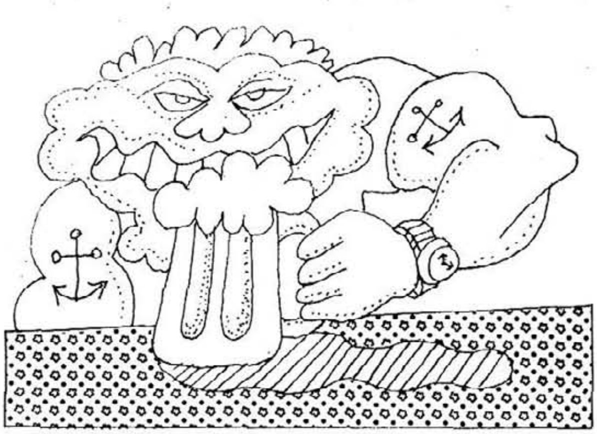
He enjoys repeating dirty stories when he can remember them, and he will tell lengthy tales of the odd and often dreadful situations he has gotten into by overdrinking, but his real humor is expressed by teasing: "Hey, kid, you don't really want this ice cream cone, do ya?" "Hey, Mary Lou, watcher say we ditch ol' Harry, and me and you go to a *mo*-tel?"

When it comes to repartee (if that is the correct word), the Basic Roob has one all-purpose phrase which may be delivered in a variety of ways (flatly, sarcastically, quizzically) to suit any occasion. The phrase is *"Are you kiddin'?"*

Basic Status Symbols

Cameras (Roobs wear camera straps as if they were Legion of Honor ribbons). Formica. Combination stereo and color TV sets. Goldfish tanks with plastic plants and orange plastic castles. Wrist watches (male). Cultured pearls (female). Salt-and-pepper shakers shaped like female breasts. Nutcrackers shaped like female thighs. Lawn flamingoes. A real oil painting done by a female relative. Ash trays from Hawaii, Mexico or the Caribbean.





Basic Drinks

Cola drinks and coffee. Bottled or canned beer. Seven and Seven (Seagram's 7 Crown and 7-Up), rye and ginger, vodka and orange juice.

Basic Cuisine

For any special occasion, steak and only steak. Otherwise, french fried anything with ketchup. Barbecued anything. Instant anything. Pizzas, spaghetti and constantly, at any place and any time, hamburgers! (The hot dog, it seems to me, is universally American and I have arbitrarily left it out.) Basics and their families eat a lot of cold cereals with milk, but seldom drink milk or eat cheese (except on a burger) after they're ten years old. In Chinese restaurants they eat egg roll, chow mein and chop suey. They never order anything in a restaurant they haven't had before.



Basic Hobbies

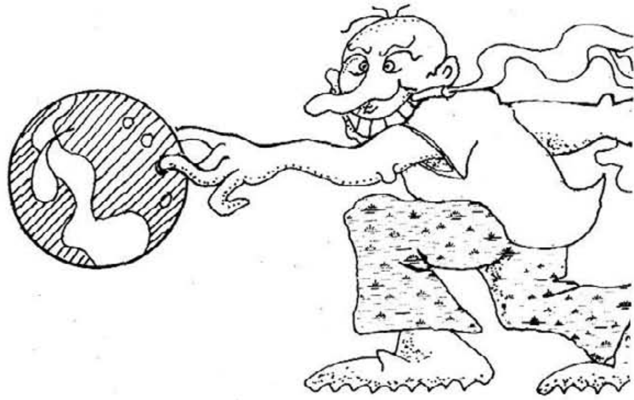
In addition to talking and drinking, the Basic Roob is addicted to a number of other leisure-time activities. One of the more specialized of these hobbies is:

(a) Gawking
Whenever there is a disaster, Roobs rush from their homes to their cars and within a matter of minutes they have clogged the highways, making it difficult if not impossible for legitimate personnel, ambulances and fire trucks to get there.

Once at the Scene, they line up by the thousands and stare for hours at the building where the old lady was decapitated, at the spot in the ocean where the airplane crashed and sank with 125 on board, at the seven-car auto wreck.

They consider it a major triumph if they arrive in time to see actual bodies or blood. Strangely enough, many of them become queasy at the sight of blood, but this doesn't in the slightest deter them in their rush to view it.

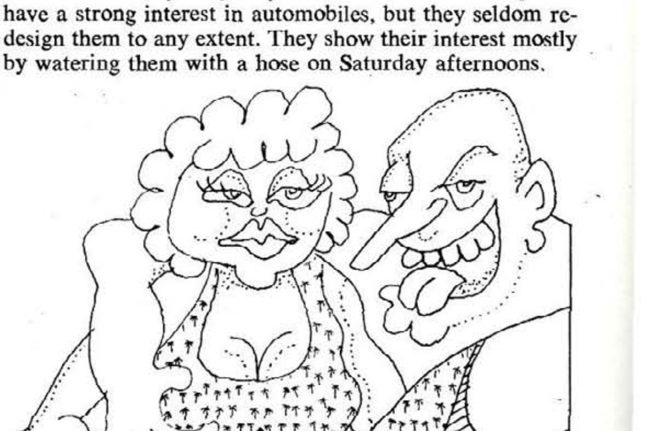
If not restrained by police, they will grab buttons, fragments of the plane, even a victim's shoes, as "souvenirs." They snap each other's photos in front of the spot where the tragedy occurred. They buy hot dogs from the vendors who invariably show up (even at 3 A.M.). They drink whiskey from half-pint bottles. It's carnival time.



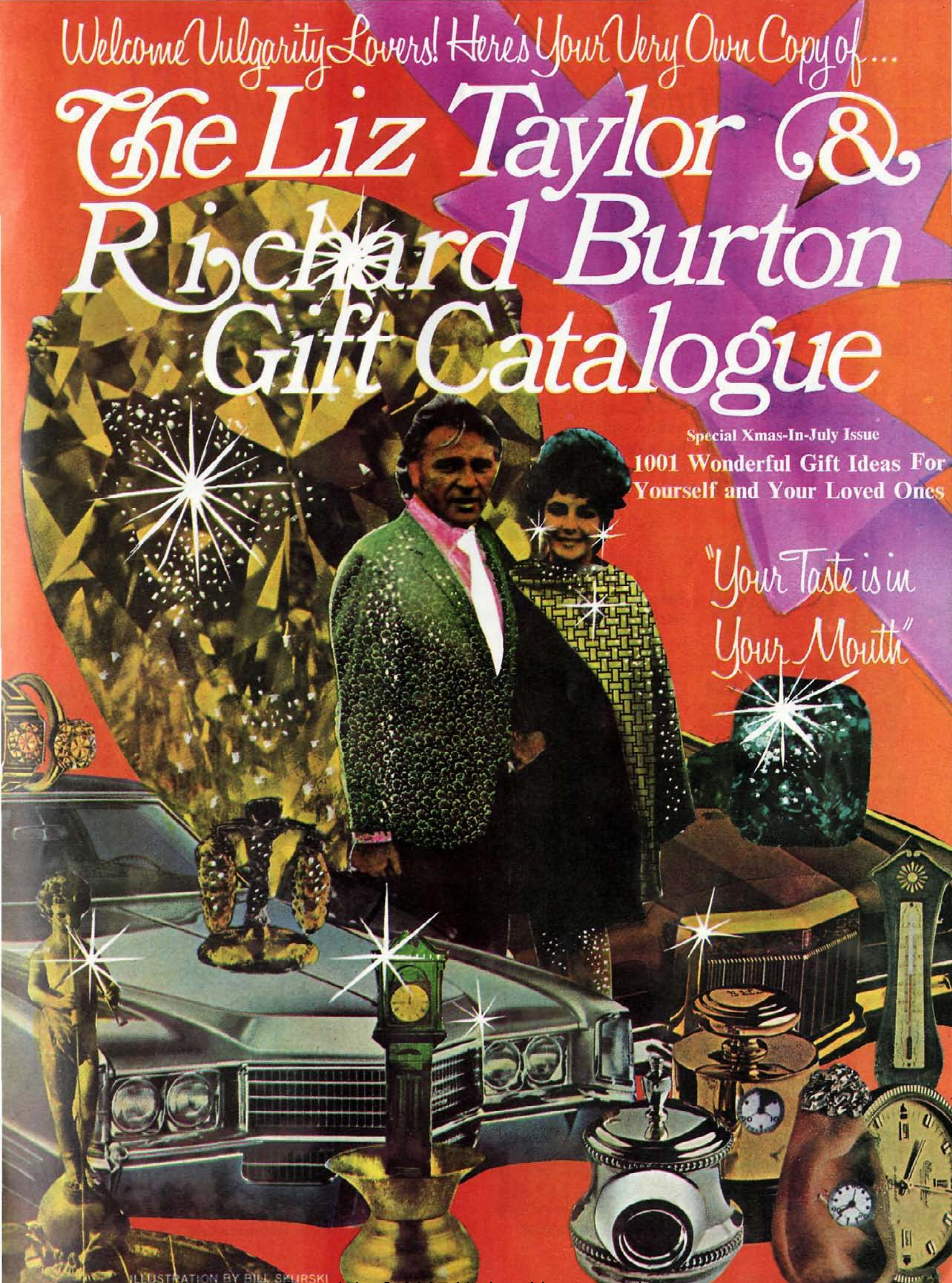
(b) Bowling
Bowling is to Roobs what fox hunting was to the British aristocracy. It affords them a chance to drink and smoke while they exercise, and they can bring along their women.

(c) General
Older Basics have an admirable tendency, inherited from their classic-rube parents, to build stuff. They have power tools; they build walls and patios in their backyards; they will rewire their houses and put together good hi-fi units; they rebuild automobiles, sometimes spending fantastic effort on ingenious and incredibly powerful monstrosities for display at drag strips; they operate and will often build their own boats.

Unfortunately many of their children, those who have been born in the City, are losing this instinct to do-it-themselves. They may buy or rent boats and they still have a strong interest in automobiles, but they seldom redesign them to any extent. They show their interest mostly by watering them with a hose on Saturday afternoons.



(d) Seduction
When a Basic attempts to hustle a lady Basic, he first tries to get her drunk. Then he begins grabbing her and says, "Aw, come on, what's the matter with you?" He considers this a very persuasive question and keeps grabbing and repeating it until he either succeeds or is rebuffed. (It works more often than not.) (continued on page 75)


Welcome Vulgarity Lovers! Here's Your Very Own Copy of...
The Liz Taylor & Richard Burton Gift Catalogue
Special Xmas-In-July Issue
1001 Wonderful Gift Ideas For Yourself and Your Loved Ones
"Your Taste is in Your Mouth"
ILLUSTRATION BY BILL SKURSKI

A very special message from Liz and Dick...



Hi, there, gift-givers! Welcome to our Special Xmas-In-July Gift Catalog! Inside, you'll find it brimming with every imaginative novelty item you could imagine, and we're sure you'll adore *every single one!*

You know, for years people would come up to us and say, "Liz and Dick, is it hard to be *nouveau riche,* is there still hope for me?" We say yes, yes, YES! With the proper guidance, *any* connoisseur of the "finer things" in life can surround himself with great gobs of marvelous gee-gaws and achieve that *certain reputation for discriminating taste* shared by such arbiters as Elvis Presley, Barbra Streisand, Jackie Gleason and The Supremes. All you need is that magic combination of stupefying wealth and plain, simple good taste!

Dick and I have spent years scouring the globe *gathering our favorite things for this treasure-house* of gifts. Recalling the many hours logged teetering on my stiletto heels haggling with some opium-crazed Japanese street peddler or other, I need only think of the joy and satisfaction our efforts will bring to you and yours. This is payment enough. Happy hunting!

Liz and Dick



This one's a TALL ORDER!

LIFE-SIZE GIRAFFE LAWN ORNAMENT! Fine detailing and clusters of sparkling, precious gems make this winning beastie a surefire hit at your next neighborhood barbecue! Madge and Glenn will drool with envy when they feast their eyes upon this 18-foot-tall fellow. Anatomical accuracy guaranteed because our *ingenious South African importer* has painstakingly poured molten gold on the stiffened corpse of a real giraffe!



8006—Giraffe Ornament $45,875.98



WORLD'S MOST EXPENSIVE NOTE PAD! . . . And why shouldn't it be? Painstakingly stitched and bound into a specially gutted Gutenberg Bible, this *handy-dandy reminder keeps all* those bridge parties and kaffeeklatsches at your glossy red fingertips! Each day of the month is printed on a specially bleached square of 5,000-year-old papyrus once a part of the best-selling, sacred "Book of the Dead!"

9800—Date Book $225,750.98

BE THE MEALTIME "CUT-UP"! . . . With your own 8-piece steak-scalpel set! Exact replicas of the finely wrought surgical instruments Dr. Christiaan Barnard used in his historic foray into Dr. Philip Blaiberg! These valuable (and practical) knives are available in solid silver or sterling zinc plate. Order a set today. Doctor's orders!



6788—Steak Scalpels $18,900.98

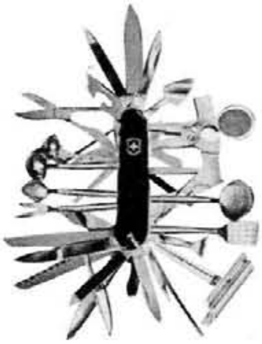


AUTOMATIC PHONE SERVICE! Find your busy schedule leaves little time for those oh-so-important anonymous, obscene and threatening phone calls to *your many enemies? Let our fully* automatic, untraceable Obscenatron Telephone Valet deliver those personal threats and insults for you! Interchangeable cassettes let you select the right message. Then, just turn it over to this little electronic scalawag who'll call you-know-who again and again and again . . . !

7765—Obscenatron Telephone Valet $17,865.98

COLLAGES BY TOM DIMOND

A BLADE FOR ALL REASONS! This finely crafted Swiss Commando knife holds over 17,886 different blades and tools necessary to your daily routine! Includes toenail gouge, nose trowel, ear reamer, pea skewer and many, many others! A "must" for your next dinner party!





KUDDLY-KUTE KOALA! Sure to melt your tiny tot's little heart! One of the few Australian koala bears still alive, this lovable pal is a gentle, harmless toy for your kiddies. Kick him, punch him, toss him into the insinkerator, Mr. Koala never whimpers! He's been treated with a special tranquilizer guaranteed to keep him quiet as long as he lasts!

5775—Multi-Purpose Knife $896.98

7784—Kuddly Koala $10,950.98



OLD MASTER JIGSAW PUZZLE!! Can you piece together this famous painting? Select any famous old painting, and we'll buy it, mount it on cardboard and chop it up into tiny little pieces! Hours of fun for the whole family as you play the educational game of "restoration." Choice of Gainsborough's "Blue Boy," Monet's "Water-Lilies" or Picasso's popular "Guernica."

6692—Old Master Jigsaw $1,887,600.98
Choice of Three $5,897,655.98



WORLD'S SMALLEST RADIO! Tune in to this micro-marvelous little pieces of electronic ingenuity. Originally developed for use by our courageous astronauts, this tiny transisterized titan can pick up any AM radio station on the face of the earth! What's more, a quick 'n' simple attachment converts it into a remarkable and efficient "bugging" device so you can find out what Martha next door really thinks of your towels! If you have a college-bound scholar in the house, he'll be delighted with this thoughtful gift, which he can stuff into one of his enlarged pores and use it to listen to all the groovy sounds during those boring old lectures.

5563—Tiny Radio $23,550.98
5564—Batteries .... $ 4,886.98 each



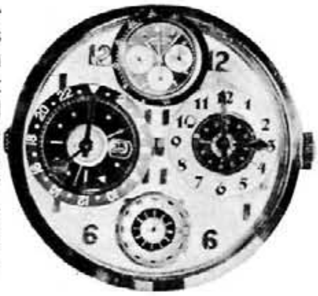
"This one's for that drip you know!"

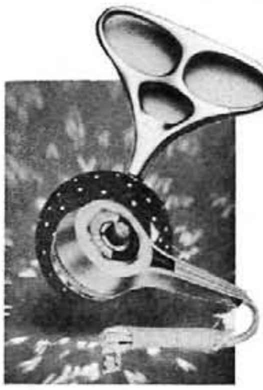


DRIBBLING WATERFORD GLASS! Fool your friends with this hand-cut crystal goblet, perfect in every way except for that little hole in the bottom. Watch all that stain-making Chateau Lafite Rothschild dribble over his starched shirtfront! Wotta laff!

3209—Dribbling Waterford Glass $679.98

MULTIPURPOSE WONDA-WATCH! This little beauty does practically everything but darn your socks! Its 567 different hands, dials, thermometers and sonar gauges tell you what time it is in all 24 time zones, the exact time of the next lunar eclipse, tidal shifts and stock market fluctuations. Hand-fabricated in exotic, mysterious Hong Kong, this item's a timely gift!





????GUESS WHAT???? Are you willing to take a chance? We can't tell you what this special surprise gift is, but we can assure you you'll be delighted or your money back. Here's a little hint: What special object did knights like Sir Lancelot go off in search of for years on end? It's smaller than a bread box and a one-of-a-kind collector's item!

1077—Wonda-Watch $77,355.98

8872—Surprise Package $1,887,335.98

AFRAID OF THE DARK? Let this glow-in-the-dark Holi-Lite show you the way during those midnight icebox raids! The hi-impact case contains a real piece of very-difficult-to-find True Cross! Never needs recharging! Let this charming nite-lite guide you along in your darkest hours.



1988—Glowing Nite-Lite $77,225.98

WIDE-EYED CUTIE WILL STEAL YOUR HEART! Misty-eyed Mona captivates everyone in your rumpus room. Her big blue eyes make her look like a lost soul seeking some kind heart to give her a good home. Why not you? Give her lots of love and she'll repay you with years of decorative smiles!



4637—Misty-Eyed Mona $1,987,884.98

KOLLECTOR'S KOIN KACHE PAPERWEIGHT! You won't be able to spend these brightly polished, 2,000-year-old Hebraic pieces of silver, but, then, their original owner didn't either! Suspended in a sparkling Lucite block, this handsome and historic Biblical heirloom will bring you good luck year after year. Twenty pieces in all.



6473—Koin Paperweight $167,988.98

LOOKING FOR SOME REAL ELBOW ROOM? If you've ever longed for an underdeveloped East African nation to call your own, you'll want to be the first one on your block to own wildly beautiful Zambia! Inspect your very own teeming jungles and dabble your feet in your very own Victoria Falls! Hours of fun as you incite (and crush) bloody revolutions!



1212—Zambia $6,997,647,000.98



"GOOD GRIEF, THIS NECKLACE IS ALIVE!" Pure fun combines with hi fashion! This magnificent necklace contains an actual living creature! Your friends will gasp with surprise as the clear plastic container reveals a LIVING HUMAN EMBRYO! Incubated by your own body heat, this little charmer (don't ask where we get 'em) will romp and play for days before it finally runs out of air!

8463—Living Necklace $6,897.98



NECKLACE SPELLS PEACE. There's more to this dove than meets the eye. Look again and discover that it actually spells PEACE. This universally felt sentiment is gracefully fashioned from 14-karat gold fillings by the masterful metalworking elves of Krupp Industries. If your political sentiments lean in other directions, you may wish to select our 14-karat-gold American Eagle which, upon closer inspection spells DROP IT.

6392—Peace Pendant $7,988.98
6393—War Pendant $7,985.98

TRICK BREAK-AWAY CHIPPENDALE CHAIR! This antique Colonial chair looks sturdy, but the half-sawed legs give when some unsuspecting guest tries to park *himself on it! A real scream at* parties and a good way to discourage that pest who keeps dropping his cigar ashes in your drink!



This one's sure to be a smash!



5378—Break-Away Chippendale Chair $45,788.98



EXECUTIVE SHOWERHEAD! Find that your action-filled days leave you little time for those niceties of personal hygiene? Then you'll love this super-duper showerhead that takes all the chore out of bathing. Adjustable chromium nozzle automatically pre-gargles hot streams of tingling water, saving you those valuable seconds!

2111—Gargling Showerhead $345.98

NEW FABULOUS FINERY FOR THE BATHROOM . . . for the wealthy person you know who loves a gag. Special roll of bathroom tissue (heh heh) actually made of the joined pages of William Shakespeare's THIRD FOLIO OF PLAYS! That's right, now you can wipe away (heh heh) your troubles WITH THE MOST PRICELESS LITERARY MANUSCRIPT IN THE WORLD! Hear the chuckles from the powder room.



6830—Shakespeare Toilet Tissue $22,670,988.98
6831—Marlowe Toilet Tissue $22,648,760.98
6832—Keats Toilet Tissue $17,544,540.98
6833—McKuen Toilet Tissue . . . . $ .49



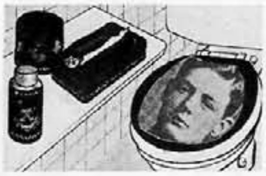
FUNNY CRAZY LEGS! Prop these lovely life-size female limbs in unlikely places, watch the fun! Let them protrude from under a sofa, partly opened closet door, car trunk, etc.! Real-life, flesh-colored, blushingly realistic legs have been newly amputated from poor, starving waifs, widows and little match girls. Watch the fun! Shoes, provocative ideas not included.

9446—Crazy Legs $188,975.98
9447—Crazy Arms 'n' Legs $399,766.98
9448—Crazy Head $2,655,799.98

SCIENTIFIC TOY! A great test of manual and mental dexterity, this platinum-plated brain-teaser is a fun-filled challenge for young and old! All you have to do is put the round peg in the round hole and the square peg in the square hole. Sounds easy, doesn't it? Try it and see!



7762—Trick-ee Puzzle $6,990.98



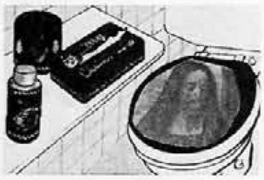
COMMEMORATIVE BATHROOM FINERY! Dress bath accessories with these colorful and educational memorials to the great *men of science! There's a snug*-fitting portrait of Thomas Edison for toilet seat, Jonas Salk tissue roll, Isaac Newton spray can and special Antonius von Leuwenhoek Jonny Mop! Collect them all and give junior a daily science lesson with his daily doo-doo!

8302—Science Accessories $575.98

NON-MELTING ICE CUBE! Listen to the gasps of surprise when you pop this Steuben hand-cut crystal cube into some unsuspecting cluck's drink! He won't *see the invisible cube, but he* **will** see the embedded Tiffany housefly! Loads of boffs and reusable, too!



3382—Steuben Cube $6,780.98



COMMEMORATIVE BATHROOM FINERY! Dress bath accessories with these colorful and educational memorials to our great religious leaders! There's a snug-fitting portrait of Mohammed for toilet seat, David Ben Gurion tissue roll, Zoroaster spray can and special Jesus Christ Jonny Mop! Collect them all and give junior a daily catchism with his daily ca-ca!

8303—Religious Accessories $575.98

FAMOUS STATUE LAMP! Own or give this famous art treasure cunningly converted into an attractive (and practical) lamp for den or study. Light switch placed strategically to avoid embarrassing the folks, this fine example of art and utility will be *sure to make* you the most-talked-about art collector in your neighborhood!



1522—Famous Statue Lamp $1,886,454.98



COMMEMORATIVE PATRIOTIC FINERY! Dress bath accessories with these colorful and educational memorials to our great assassinated presidents! There's a snug-fitting portrait of William McKinley for toilet seat, Abraham Lincoln tissue roll, James Abram *Garfield spray can and special John* F. Kennedy Jonny Mop! Collect them all and give junior a daily instruction with his daily uh-uh!

8304—Patriotic Accessories $575.98

□

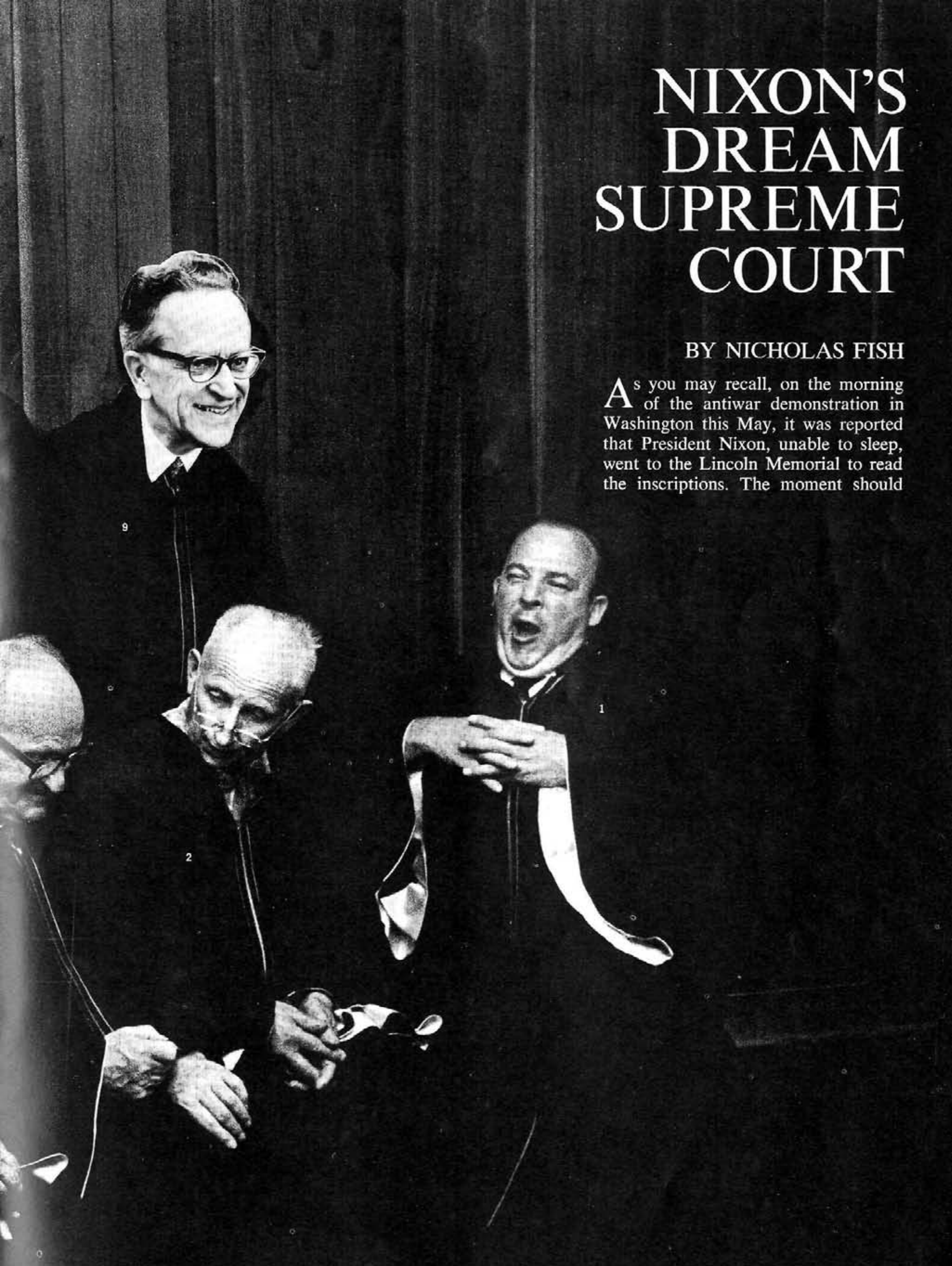


1. T. Rufus Hasp
2. Casper P. Flemson
3. Wilmot Proviso Hampton
4. Gordon X. McSweeny
5. William T. Crowther
6. Harvey P. Lathe
7. Clayton C. Claxton
8. Arthur T. Stenning
9. Harry F. Blackmun

NIXON'S DREAM SUPREME COURT

BY NICHOLAS FISH

As you may recall, on the morning of the antiwar demonstration in Washington this May, it was reported that President Nixon, unable to sleep, went to the Lincoln Memorial to read the inscriptions. The moment should



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL GOLD

have been as insignificant as it appeared — after all, the inscriptions in question, while loftier and better executed than most of the material one finds on walls, are pretty old stuff. But, while wiping from his upper lip (Fishhook) a small amount of perspiration which had infiltrated from his nose (Parrot's Beak), the President let drop a slip of paper. How it came into our hands is a story in itself.

It contained a series of doodles, mostly stick figures marked "Flbrt" and "Mcgvrn" being strafed by MIG's, the phrase "cautious optimism" crossed out heavily, and then, at the bottom of the page, this series of notes: "Douglas — impch, Black retrs, Marshall rsgns, etc., etc." Following that, there were eight names. The inference is clear, and after considerable research, effort and investigation, we are able to present here what must obviously be the Supreme Court of Nixon's dreams:

T. Rufus Hasp. A respected Midge, Ark., attorney specializing in leash law and pet soilage liability cases, Rufus Hasp has built a county-wide reputation as an advocate of strict sidewalk sanitary codes. He came to some prominence nationally — and, it is believed, to the attention of Attorney General John Mitchell — as the organizer of a successful tri-state boycott of the Perki Poochie Puppy Yummy Co., whose popular dog foods and biscuits contained highly emetic ingredients. In 1962, he was awarded the Arkansas Arboreal Society's Medal of Service "for significant contributions to the health and well-being of our leafy neighbors." His judicial philosophy is unknown.

Casper P. Flemson. Judge Casper Flemson has served since 1963 as an Associate Justice of the Ginko County (Georgia) Court of Traffic Appeals. A self-made man, Flemson began his career as a billboard painter in his native Maryland, but soon decided that the motorcycle policemen who often hid behind his signs "had a better deal." He headed south and, after a short time with the Methane, Ga., Highway Patrol, decided to make another move to improve himself. "I came into court one day with about a pound of mosquitoes on my goggles," he recalled recently, "and there was this old judge just sitting there with one of those watchamathings . . . a wooden hammer . . . in his hand, just raking it in. I knew right then I wanted to be a judge." He graduated with honors from a correspondence law school, whose matchbook diploma, encased in Lucite, he proudly displays. His opinions tend toward the conservative: "We're going too fast," he said recently.

Wilmot Proviso Hampton. The aristocratic, soft-spoken scion of one of the South's oldest families, Judge Wilmot Hampton — whose great-grandfather engineered the famous Gadsden Purchase — has served on South Carolina's highly respected Court of Small Claims for 46 years. He was a member of the state commission responsible for drafting a model code of Restaurant Responsibility for Articles Inadvertently Deserted, which led in turn to the enactment of South Carolina's tough Lost-and-Found Law. He is considered a hard-liner on many issues, and said in a speech delivered last month: "The law is our friend. Anyone who hurts our friend should be beaten senseless."

Gordon X. McSweeny. Although primarily a specialist in the somewhat limited field of irrigation law and rights of drainage and seepage, Memphis attorney Gordon McSweeny is the author of Tennessee's unique "one in the wading pool, two in the window" formula for desegregation. He served six terms on the state Board of Education and is generally given credit for the development of highly mobile, truck-towed schools as an alternative to forced bussing. As an unsuccessful candidate in the 1968 gubernatorial race, McSweeny campaigned strongly on a platform that called for the enactment of stop-and-subdue and search-and-seize statutes and is hence thought to be politically conservative.

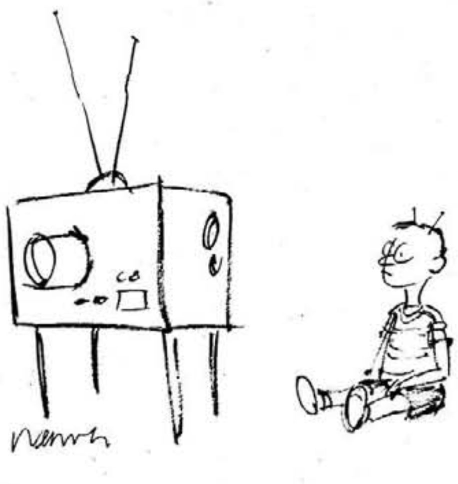
William T. Crowther. William T. Crowther, former Attorney General of Montana and dean of the prestigious University of the Big Butte, is regarded as one of the upper Rocky Mountain area's most important legal theorists. A spellbinding speaker and author of two recent best sellers, *Dissent: Threat or Menace?* and *Creative Punishment*, Professor Crowther describes himself as a strict constructionist. He commented recently, "I'm for sticking to the pure Constitution, without all those amendments and articles and things." He is a three-time winner of the Montana Bar Association's coveted Stars and Bars Award for his contributions to penology.

Harvey P. Lathe. Lester, Pa., attorney Harvey Lathe has spent a good part of his highly successful career championing unpopular causes. A courageous lawyer, he has had among his clients: self-styled Venusian Mark Tyson, who claimed to have been prospecting in Saturn's rings at the time of a brutal lawn-mower slaying; the Sierra Nevada Interplanetary Church of the Blessed Asteroids; and the Friends of the Jovian Radish People, whom he represented in a class-action suit against COMSAT for disturbing the music of the spheres. "It is important for our society to be aware of the celestial tones produced by the harmonic revolutions of the galaxies," he announced recently, adding, "I'd rather give the vote to the evil Martian phlengoes than to any bunch of long-haired creeps."

Clayton C. Claxton. A respected Midas, Tex., notary public, with a strong background in affidavit law, C. C. Claxton served for several years as Chief Clerk of Croesus County and was then appointed Chief Justice of the San Philistino Night Court. Considered a moderate, he introduced the concepts of punitive detention and pre-trial sentencing. An outspoken advocate of capital punishment, he is the author of a widely quoted *Reader's Digest* article, "The Case for Electrifying our Witness Chairs."

Arthur T. Stenning. Specialization in dental malpractice suits led Florida attorney Arthur Stenning to an appointment as coroner of the city of Tamiami, where he has pressed hard for recognition of the constitutional rights of the legally dead. "Our dead citizens have gotten the short end of our institutions for too long," he complained recently. "They don't make trouble and they don't protest. It's time someone paid them some attention."

Harry A. Blackmun. □



The World's 7 Worst Restaurants

by Mark Smith

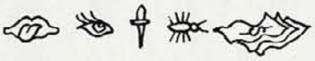
Months ago, the *National Lampoon's* own food editors fanned out over the country like eager bread-molds with a single mission: *Find the worst restaurants in the land!* Armed with only a special checklist, a folio of doctored credit cards and a portable stomach pump, each hand-picked gourmet canvassed the eateries along America's highways and byways to find the absolute crème de la crème in shoddy cuisine.

Their job was not an easy one, for innumerable beaneries, coffee shops and little-known burgeramas have traditionally vied among themselves with blatantly fraudulent menus, inedible food and staffs of staggering incompetence. It was our judges' difficult mission to select from these thousands of deserving establishments the seven that best typify the rock bottom of gustatory ineptitude. Eating their way across the map from Altoona to Albuquerque, our crew of hardy omnivores sacrificed much time, effort and several square yards of their stomach linings.

How were these difficult decisions made? From menu to men's room, each establishment was given a coded "report card" using the following symbolic shorthand:

Taste of meal
Attractiveness of meal
General helpfulness of
maitre d', waiter,
cashier, etc.
Hygiene
Total bill

For example, a restaurant with the coding



might mean the *NatLamp* inspector was served a Salisbury steak that tasted like a Latex pantie girdle on a cracked plastic plate by a monosyllabic waitress with dirty thumbs for a total price of $4.75. However, if the meal earned the coding



the judge's Salisbury steak *was* a Latex pantie girdle served on a rusted hub cap by a psychopathic Bulgarian deaf mute whose thumb dropped off as he clumsily rifled the patron's coat.

But the actual, *final* selection was not easy. Only a trained palate bristling with discriminating taste buds could make the subtle distinctions among the dozens of American eateries running neck-and-neck in their headlong flight from the U.S. Health Department. Here were some of the "tip-offs" to a truly below-par award-winner:

• In a run-of-the-mill eatery, the maitre d' will smile toothily and suavely escort you personally to a choice table. However, at a truly unspeakable establishment, you will be directed into the diner's "Siberia" by the toss of a stained and balled-up dishrag in the general direction of the men's room.

• When seating you, a "so-so" restaurant's maitre d' will gently push your chair under you as you sit *au table*, while at a *NatLamp* Award establishment, he will slam the folding chair against the back of your legs, effectively fracturing both knee caps with a curt "Putcherbunsdown 'ere!"

• Look around the room and notice the decor. If you have mistakenly ventured into a "fine" restaurant, subdued lighting and detail will blend with soft music to produce a restful atmosphere. A *NatLamp* Award-winner will be decorated with a single, 3-foot tall plastic parrot donated by a local Corby's Scotch wholesaler, and the jukebox's needle will be stuck on the same groove of Frank Sinatra's *Strangers in the Night*.

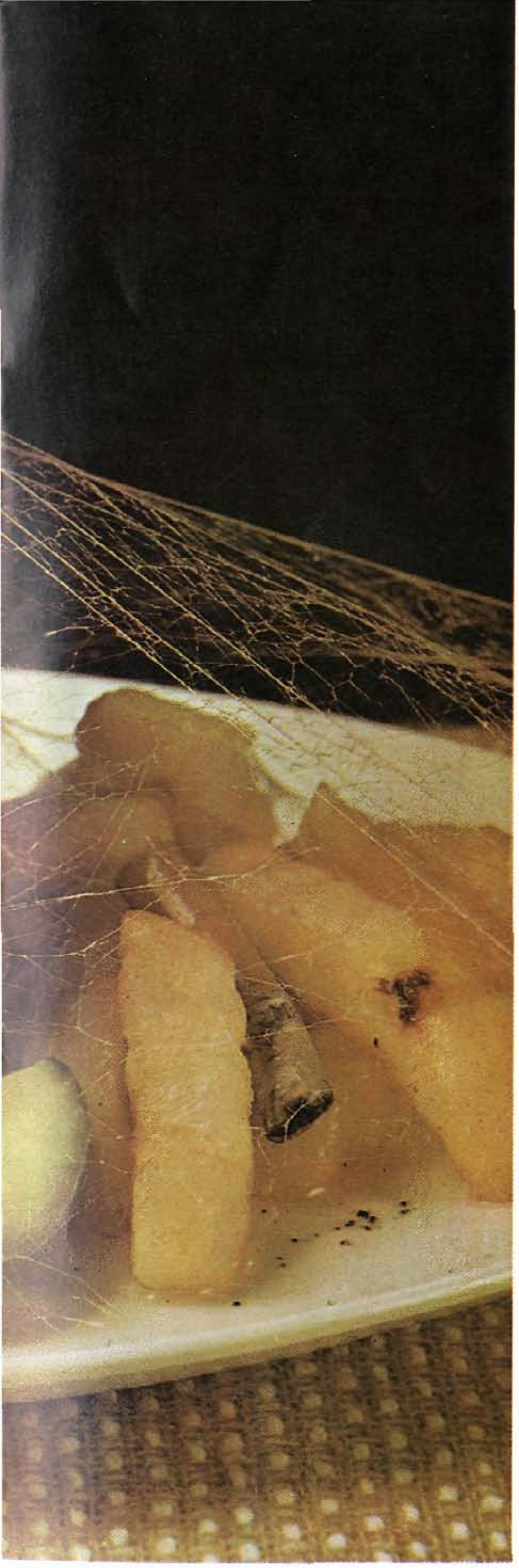


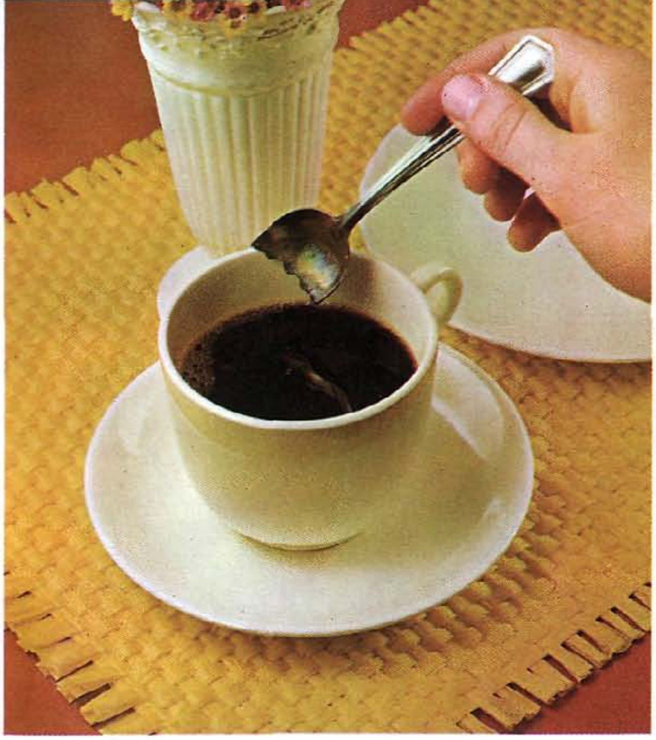
PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRED SCHULTZE

HONORABLE MENTION
Cleveland, Ohio, may boast many special attractions, but none compare to the barbecued rib dinner served at its popular Red Coach Inn & While-U-Wait Auto-Wash. Done to a golden black in a miniature solar furnace, this specialité *is cracklin' good eating.*



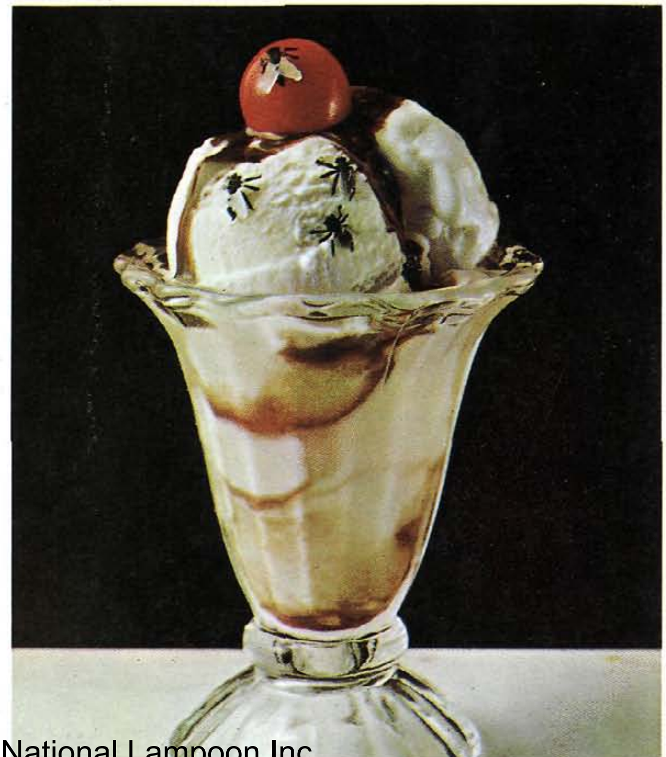
FOURTH PRIZE *As American as apple pie, this scrumptious standard needs no introduction when you stop by the Whatzis-Burger stand in Los Angeles, Calif. Served with a generous portion of crisp French fries and a few delectable surprises, this mountain of good eating is rushed piping hot from specially designed "flay-vor vaults" right to your table.*





THIRD PRIZE *(above) To some it's just a "cuppa joe," but at Murphy's All-Nite Cafeteria in Pittsburgh, Pa., exquisite care is taken to make sure that every cup of coffee has that hearty "bite" sought by all real java-lovers. Their secret? Well, the Murphy's aren't telling, but the sack of quick-lime in the kitchen is a sly tip-off to that melt-in-your-spoon flavor.*

SECOND PRIZE *(below) A favorite for kids of all ages, nowhere in the country is there a chocolate parfait that rivals that of Seymour's Ice Cream Parlor in New York City. This yummy-licious treat has been making youngstrs and oldsters alike break out in smiles for years, for the regulars know that Seymour himself still adds the tantalizing "sprinkles" that make his patrons buzz with excitement.*





FIRST PRIZE *This award has been "cooped up" by St. Louis's reknowned Top 'O the Heap revolving diner for their peerless chicken-in-the-basketcase. Careful attention to those "extras" make this succulent bird stand head-and-claw above other fowl fare. Served with a luscious egg sauce, this one is something to crow about.*



• The waiter's deportment and appearance are not to be overlooked. An ordinary waiter will be dressed discreetly in a dark dinner jacket. A *NatLamp* waiter will be uniformed in loud, vertical stripes, a namecard bearing series of numerals and a large, iron ball-and-chain ankle-bracelet. (Don't forget to count your change.)

• Table setting at an award-winning eatery eschews the usual frills of crystal goblets, linen tablecloths, etc. Flatware should be a plastic spoon and the water glass may bear a surprising resemblance to a Skippy peanut butter jar. The tablecloth (for formal dining only) can be made of any number of clever materials ranging from stapled shirt cardboards to old copies of the *Cedar Falls Herald and Sunday Bee*.

• Always inspect the kitchen! Listen for such telltale "hints" as the repetitive "thunk" of steam-driven meat tenderizers and the reassuring "whirr" of chain saws slicing your London broil to a papery thinness.

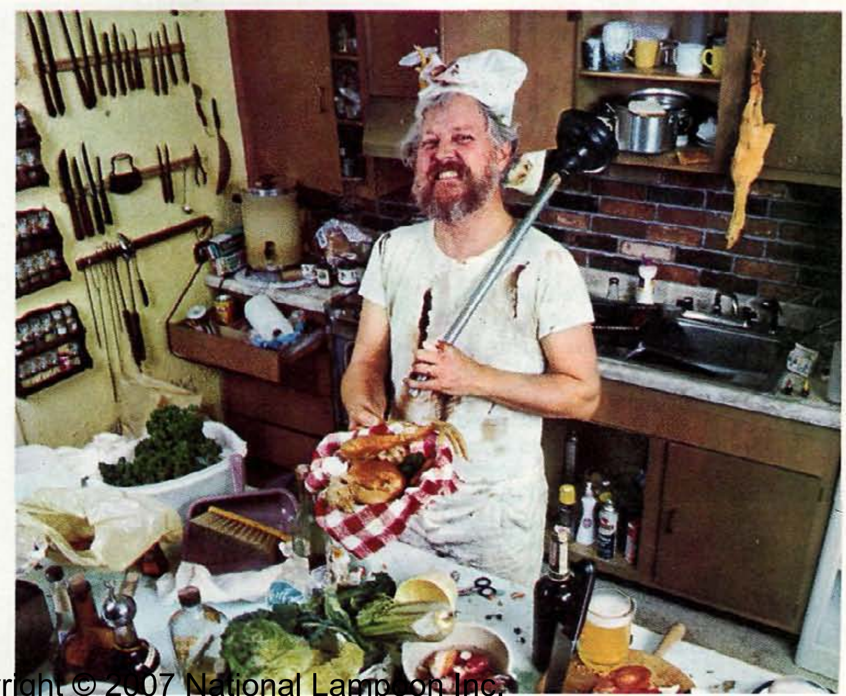
• Cleanliness is always a good earmark. While some restaurants feature boring, normal old Spanish olives, at a *NatLamp* Award restaurant, your "olives" will often crawl out of their dish and scuttle across the floor.

• Those little "extras" shouldn't be overlooked. Some showy places will lavish all manner of after-dinner mints, souvenirs and matchbooks upon the guest as he leaves. At Award restaurants, the toothpick is attached to the cashier's desk with a long, beaded chain.

There now, you are ready to make your *own* suggestions for next year's Awards. Don't worry about having to look too far for your nominations, though. There's one on every corner. . . .

SPECIAL GRAND PRIZE *It would be unfair not to give credit to the men behind the aprons who spend long minutes preparing these startling concoctions. Pictured below is the winner of the* National Lampoon's *Chef-of-the-Year* SPECIAL GRAND PRIZE, *the internationally acclaimed chef de cuisine, George Lunch.*

Before becoming the head chef of St. Louis's Top 'O the Heap revolving restaurant (his award-winning dish is pictured on the previous page), Mr. Lunch spent 12 long and arduous weeks learning his art in the exclusive and demanding kitchens of the Fort Dix Food Services Training Corps. Pictured here, surrounded by the many and exotic tools of his trade, Mr. Lunch has little cause to regret his years of dedication. Congratulations and bon appetite! □





HONORABLE MENTION
(above) Kitchen kudos go to Chicago's famed Spee-Dee Automat for this spectacular chef's salad. Fresh lettuce, carrot strips, celery, fresh boiled eggs and chef Pierre Duprè's own secret tidbits give a personal touch to this tempting vegetarian delight. "I always put a little bit of myself in every salad," admits the knife-wielding, somewhat myopic maestro.

HONORABLE MENTION
(right) Anchors aweigh and off to Boston's Flying Dutchman Fish House (located in a real whaling hulk in Boston Harbor), for a scrumptious seafood platter guaranteed to surprise tourist and unwary townsman alike. Generous servings of real Boston cod are garnished with real Boston squid and other taste-tempting flotsam and jetsam.



Manny Weinskin's Original

YE OLDE COLONIAL INNE

"Dedicated for Over Half a Decade to the Preservation of our Colonial Heritage."

CLOSED MONDAYS



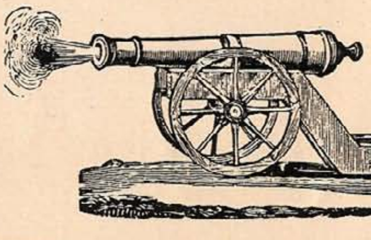
Lake Wottaponskum

Since early 1964

Wottaponskum, Connecticut

over Seventy Months of the Traditional American Food



Ye Flagons, Drams & Potations

Ye Martini	$2.00
Ye Bloody Mary	$2.00
Ye Stinger	$2.00
Ye Manhattan	$2.00
Ye Daquiri	$2.00
Ye Schlitz	$1.00

Ye Sweet Meats & Divers Goodys

Ye Mince Pie	$1.25
Ye Vanilla Ice Cream	$ .90
Ye Raspberry Jell-o	$ .75
Ye Eskimo Pie	$ .75
Ye Hostess Twinkie	$ .75

Ye Soupes, Brothes & Potages

Ye Split Pea	$.90
Ye Vegetable Beef	$.90
Ye Noodle	$.90
Ye Alphabet	$.90

Ye Sandwyches

Ye Ham & Swiss	$2.50
Ye Sardine	$2.75
Ye Liverwurst	$2.75
Ye Chicken Liver	$3.15
Ye Bacon, Lettuce & Tomato	$3.50

UNCLE MANNY SAYS,
HEY, KIDS! IF YOU'RE BIG ENOUGH TO READ THIS, THEN YOU'RE BIG ENOUGH TO TOTE OUR ACTUAL-SIZE REPLICA OF A REAL *REVOLUTIONARY WAR MUSKET!* IT'S LOUD "BANG" WILL SCARE THE PANTS OFF OF ANY TORY ON YOUR BLOCK! IF DADDY DOESN'T BUY YOU THIS NIFTY MUSKET, MAYBE *HE'S* A TORY, TOO! ONLY NOWADAYS THEY'RE CALLED COMMUNISTS. IF DADDY PAYS NO ATTENTION ASK HIM IF HE IS STILL A COMMUNIST. REAL LOUD, SO EVERYBODY CAN HEAR.

"I Regret That I Have but One Tummy to Give for My Dinner!"



"No Taxation Without Manny's Delicious Creations!"



HISTORICAL NOTE: The colorful water goblets on your table are *exact duplications* of the same glass from which George Washington quenched his thirst after his successful campaign against the Hessians at Harper's Ferry in 1775. These lovely goblets can be purchased in sets of four, six, or eight as fitting (and useful) memorials to our country's greatest leader. *Manfred Weinskin, curator.*

HISTORICAL NOTE: The colorful Revolutionary War murals you see on the walls of the Ye Olde Colonial Inne are *exact depictions* of the famous battles our patriots fought to win our freedom. These beautiful murals can be purchased as a set and will make your den or living room a living tribute to our nation's ideals. Set of four including Yorktown, Bunker Hill, Saratoga, Bull Run. Inquire at the cashier. *Manfred Weinskin, curator.*

HISTORICAL NOTE: The colorful Revolutionary War costumes worn by our charming "Patriettes" are *exact replicas* of an American Militiaman's dress uniform. These historical artifacts make excellent conversation pieces and gifts for the folks back home. Inquire at the cashier. *Manfred Weinskin, curator.*







YE BILL OF FARE

served from
5:30 p.m. to 8:00 p.m.

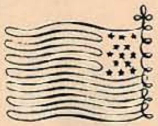




No Substitutions

(Includes green salad, 'tater, napkin & souvenir postcard)

NO SPLITTING OF ADULT DINNERS







YE GEORGE WASHINGTON $4.95

"First in taste, first in quality, first in the tummy of its countrymen."

A tempting portion of ground prime steak nestled in a freshly baked roll. Served with lettuce, tomato and French fries.

YE TOM PAINE $6.75

"When dining out, it's COMMON SENSE to dine at the Ye Olde Colonial Inne."

A hefty piece of tender steer ensconced in a mouthwatering hoe cake. Served with lettuce, tomato and "crinkle-cuts."

YE THOMAS JEFFERSON $5.25

"A dish fit to be served at Monticello."

An inviting patty of chopped beef surrounded with a golden-crusted bun. Served with lettuce, tomato and fried potatoes.

YE PAUL REVERE $5.95



"Something to wake the neighbors about."

A generous quantity of diced hamburg enveloped in a crispy muffin. Served with lettuce, tomato and "chips."

YE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN $5.65

"Early to bed and early to rise makes you work up a heck of an appetite."

A hearty serving of Government Inspected sirloin wrapped in a piping-hot biscuit. Served with lettuce, tomato and home fries.

YE BENEDICT ARNOLD $7.65

"Good eating is a 'snap,' once you get the 'hang' of it."

A huge hunk of top-grade chuck poised in an oven-hot dodger. Served with lettuce, tomato and deep-fried "bog apples."

YE MOLLY PITCHER $6.15

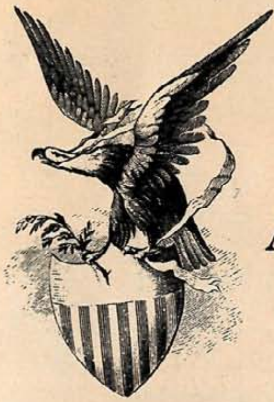
"One of the fairest of our fares."

An enticing tummyful of grated filet resting in a toothsome scone. Served with lettuce, tomato and pan-broiled spuds.

YE LAFAYETTE $6.95

"Lafayette, we are starved."

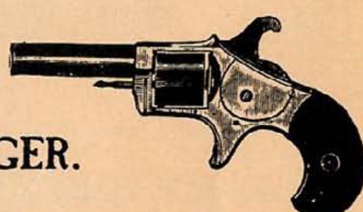
A large morsel of *biftek* reclining in a feathery crouton. Served with lettuce, tomato and *pommes frites*.



YE TODDLERS PLATE $5.15

FOR CHILDREN 12 YEARS OLD
AND UNDER ONLY

(Includes milk, napkin & colorful miniature American flag)

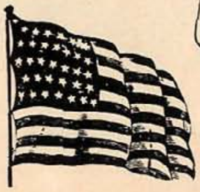


ALEXANDER HAMILTON BURGER.

Our Own Special

We're not saying what this surprise treat is, but we know your little tyke will be simply delighted! Served with lettuce, tomato and French fries.

"Give Me Lima Beans, Or Give Me Dessert!"





As you may have noticed, Manny Weinskin's Ye Olde Colonial Inne overlooks the breathtakingly beautiful Lake Wottaponskum (literally, "waters of the upside-down fishes"). Since that historic day on April 11, 1775, when 200 Connecticut farmers bravely halted the advance of over 500 British dragoons, the green hills have little changed. On clear days, you may be able to see far beyond this revered ground where but a handful of simple tillers of the soil defeated an English force six times its number, and gaze with wonder upon the historic "olde wishing well" where General Washington and his Green Mountain Boys crushed General Cromwell and his strutting Cavaliers at the place we know today as Appomatox.

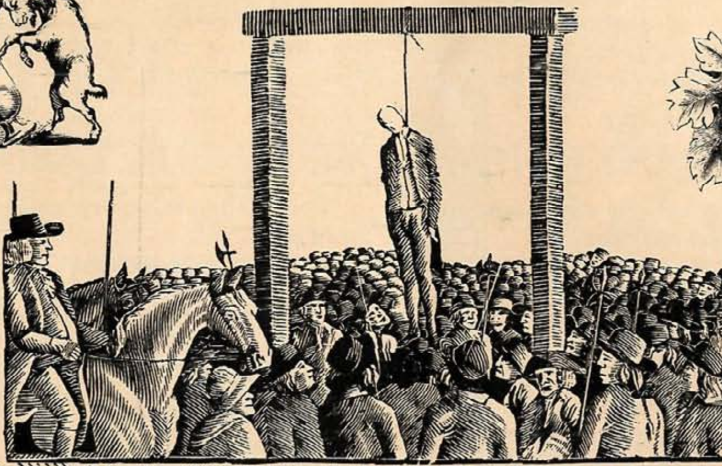


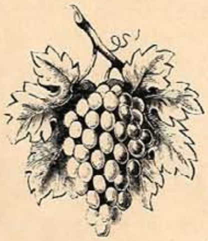


Nearer by, just to the left of the quaint and historic Olde Colonial Auto-Wash, you can glimpse the sparkling waters of Lake Wottaponskum (literally, "home of the mosquitoes as big as your tepee") where, nearly 300 years ago, that lone American drummer-boy, already weakened by a musket ball in his left ventricle, single-handedly surrounded and annihilated Cornwallis's strutting legionnaires. Legend has it that, as this heroic lad lay mortally wounded, his last words were, *My only regret is that I shall never again taste the piping-hot victuals at Manny Weinskin's Ye Olde Colonial Inne.*

Smiling, he died.









Il Detergenta

by Henry Beard

Down the Secret Storm Drain

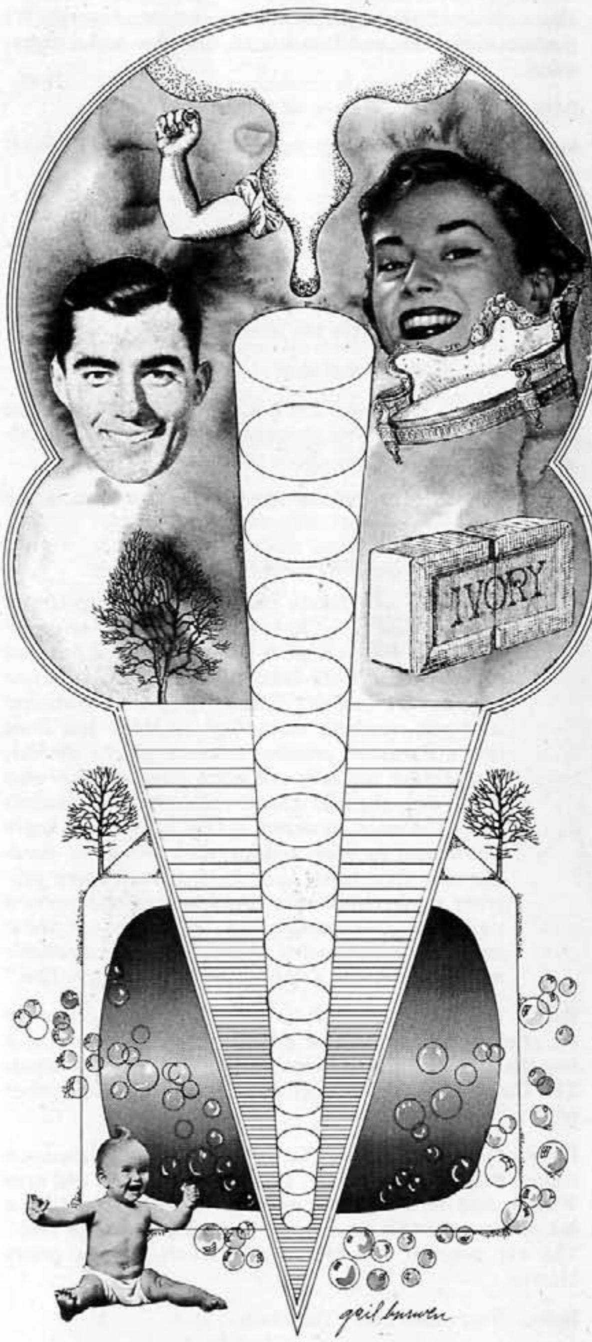


ILLUSTRATION BY GAIL BURWEN

I have recently completed a long and important series of experiments on the use of television as a means of retarding growth and causing commercially useful mutations in household plants, aquarium dwellers and small domestic pets. (If you're interested in the results – and if you own anything from a geranium to a wolfhound, God knows you should be – pick up a copy of the latest issue of *True Facts* magazine. For the few hundred pennies it costs, you'll not only find out how to turn your animal and vegetable friends into desirable conversation pieces, but you'll also learn about the unnerving threat posed by the Saturnian soap-dish people, Hitler's favorite recipe for chili, and the strange rituals of the Mt. Rushmore hippie cult.)

In any case, during the course of the laboratory work that led up to my startling discoveries, I was exposed over a long period of time to the harsh rays – harmlessly, I'm glad to report – and naturally I had a valuable opportunity to observe the daytime programming. In the morning, it's pretty thin stuff, mostly public affairs broadcasts featuring the President awarding the Medal of Obedience to the 1970 Chestnut Blight Poster Tree; children's shows that teach the little throwbacks about clove hitches, and the Wilmot Proviso and how to make simple poisons out of mayonnaise and airplane dope; and women's programs that follow some noisy Byzantine as she putters around in an attic salted with Chippendale love seats and cast-off Rodin sundials. Whether it was the content or not, I don't know, but the various test subjects showed no reaction and my delicate instruments were silent.

Along about 2 o'clock, however, my breathometer froze on Onions or Worse, my nasagraph twittered like a banshee, and an otherwise healthy turtle turned into a one-of-a-kind ashtray on the spot: It was soap-opera time. Unfortunately, much of what followed is protected by a half dozen patents and some easily irritated Dobermans in the employ of a major Midwestern mail-order house. But for those of you who have never heard a primal dulla in a crying jag – a great one can fill a crystal goblet in two minutes flat — or seen classics like *Il Divorza* and *Lucia di Leukemia,* I present as a valuable spin-off the following libretto from a recent serial.

The scene opens in a small but tasteless living room. It could be anywhere, but it's Indiana. The Randalls, Bob and his wife, Sally, are sitting on Sally's mother, Esther, the victim of cushionella, a little-known malady that turns its sufferers into sofas. Jim, Bob's best friend, is playing pokerino with Rover, the Randalls' loyal, hopeless pet beagle. Struck by a hit-and-run driver, Rover is doomed to spend his days as part of the hunting motif on a brass reading lamp. In the kitchen, Pops, Bob's weird father, is making a scale model of the Lusitania *out of Triscuits and salmon paste. Jane, the Randalls' daughter, is playing solitaire in the oven.*

Bob: Sally, we can't go on like this. Something's got to give.

Sally: I know, Bob, it's been so difficult since Jean Thompson had that operation. And the doctors were so sure. The modern medical techniques, the tubing, the little gearbox implanted in the thorax. . . .

Bob: Poor kid. He never had a chance. If only . . .

Sally: *She*. She's a girl. Jeannie Thompson.

Bob: No, Sally. You're thinking of Joanie Thomas. The one with Sonistic Forena, or Fernistic Silesia or something. Ballistic Aurelia.

Sally: You mean the Tomkins girl. Jennie. Elastic Sonesta.

> *"Friends, why not try Fantastik Ammonia with Chlorofeem, the washday miracle that makes Lourdes look plain silly. Tell you what, let's drop these bloodstained rags, straight from a two-car pile-up that slayed six, into a tub containing a leading detergent. Through the wonder of time-lapse photography, we can see that nothing has happened. They're still admissible in a court of law! Now, let's drop an identical set of rags into this tub of nitric acid marked Fantastik Ammonia, and wow, look at those busy bubbles go to work. In minutes, the stains are gone, eaten away by ingredients so powerful that we had to test-market Fantastik Ammonia in slum areas for a whole year before it was given the go-ahead. So, remember, when it comes to Exhibit A, don't settle for a detergent that's Grade B."*

Sally: Wait a minute, you're right. It can't be Jennie Tomkins. She was killed in that snowmobile smash-up.

Jim: Not so fast, Sally, it was a snow-throw mishap. Ben Tompkins was clearing out his driveway, and he didn't see Margaret — Jennie's common-law mother — or the kids. It was sure some mess. They had to sift through every snowman on Eisenhower Avenue.



"Well, have a nice time at the Geneva Convention."

Bob: You're off base there, Jim. It's the Jamesons who live on Eisenhower. The Tompkins live down in Morticello Park where that stricken airplane hit, killing 90.

Jim: Let's get this straight. Ethel Jameson divorced Sam Jameson after that party at the Wilsons'. Sam had had a few too many, and he hit Ethel with Mary, the Wilson's daughter.

Bob: Is that the baby-beating Wilsons or the gas-explosion Wilsons?

Sally: I know what the mix-up is. You're thinking of Ethel Goodson. You remember that business with the umbrellas? And the tuna?

Jim: I'm not talking about Ethel Goodson. Anyway, it's Barbara Goodson, and it was a sand wedge and a three-wood.

Bob: Now you've got me all fouled up.

Sally: Just a minute. Jane knew the Goodson girl. Jane! Jane, where are you?

Jane: I'm in the oven.

Sally: Come here right now.

Jim: What's she doing in there, trying to kill herself?

Sally: No, she just likes the smell.

Jane: Yes, Mother, what is it?

Sally: Not so fast, Jane. I'm not your mother. Don't you remember . . . the terrible shopping cart accident, the endless court case, the apple-cheek transplants?

Jane: That's Julie. I'm the foster child you won in the UNESCO orphan auction.

Sally: This is silly. I know my own children.

> *"Mothers, why take a chance with your children's health? And why risk needless embarrassment? After all, when the girls come over for a few fast rounds of spit-in-the-ocean, what part of your house do they see second? That's right, the bathroom! And you wouldn't want them to think you lived like a Peruvian peasant or some ghetto dweller, would you? So, why not get a bowl cleanser that really does the job? Like Depthbalm. Depthbalm's unique deep-in cleansing action goes after dug-in stains and fortified residue with the same hard-working ingredients used in America's space program to decontaminate Mars probes and prevent unpleasant fuel-tank odors. So, wipe out those stains, blast those odors, with Depthbalm. Available in Split Pea, Red Cabbage and new Dutch Elm."*

Bob: No, that can't be. Julie was sent to that school for the criminally something or other. I remember, because it was the same day the Warrens' poodle bit Larry Davidson. The Davidsons were in Reno, or a coma. I don't remember which.

Rover: Hold the phone. The Warrens had a Dalmation named Prince, not a poodle, and he was no biter. Old man Warren had threatened to put him to sleep, and Prince jumped into the first passing car, knocking the driver aside. The car swerved and hit Lonny Davids. It was pretty bizarre.

Bob: You mean Larry Davidson.

Rover: No, it was Lonny Davids. I was on my way down to the Ritz kennels to see Lady, the Schwartzes' border collie. The vet had just broken it to her that she had distemper. She took an overdose of flea powder that night.

Sally: Lonny Davids, Lonny Davids, the name rings a bell. Kidney something. Drowned in a kidney-shaped swimming pool or a transplant or something.

Pops: What's the ruckus?

Bob: Say, Pops, maybe you can settle this. Now, wasn't old George Davids in that boating tragedy that claimed nine?

Pops: No way. He'd been cheating on Edna for years, and one day he disappeared. He turned up about a month later in a lake-drag with an oven thermometer in his back. They never could prove anything, but Edna went crazy right afterward and started that vacuum cleaner cult.

Bob: I think there's someone at the door.

"Oh, hello Madge, what brings you over?"

"Oh, I just thought I'd drop in and refresh your memory of my recent hysterectomy. But, say, what do you use that sink for, anyway? I mean, what is that stuff?"

"Just ground-in grease and other hard-to-clean food stains. I've tried everything, but nothing puts a dent in it."

"You must be using a sob-sister cleanser. This is a job for Airburst, the housewife's detergent. Why, I have a can right here in my deliquary."

"I know it sounds silly, but what's so special about Airburst?"

"Just 10 of the most unpleasant ingredients you can name, that's all. Here, let's put Airburst on this stain, and your run-of-the-mill powder on the other. See, Airburst goes right to work, sinking deep into the porous, porcelain surface and straight through the floor. Meanwhile, your cleanser just sits there and sudses. Makes you kind of sick, doesn't it?"

"It's fantastic. There's nothing left but a little crater. What did you say that stuff was? Its catchy name has slipped my mind."

"Then, just remember: When stains do their worst, you need Airburst, in the handy two-gallon drum or the economical eight-quart refillable tank."

Bob: There's a telegram for you, Jim. And a Special Delivery letter for Sally.

Jim: I wonder what it is. . . . Good Lord, Miriam's been eaten!

Bob: Miriam Ettelson? Miriam Josephs?

Jim: It didn't say. My guess would be Miriam Stanley, heir to the Birdo bird house fortune.

Sally: It's from Aunt Grace. There's been some kind of trouble. Uncle Jason has run amok with the barbecue things. Oh, dear, Bob, bad news. Your father. . . .

Pops: Hold your horses, *I'm* Bob's father.

Jim: It's the phone. I'll get it. Hello, yes, yes. What? You mean . . . of course, yes, I understand. Thank you.

Bob: What is it?

Jim: The tests were positive. It's only a matter of time.

Bob: Whose tests?

Jim: I forgot to ask. The shock . . .

Bob: Bill Goodman! Where did you come from?

Bill: The door was open. I just thought I'd stop in.

Bob: Maybe you can help us.

Bill: I came as soon as I heard.

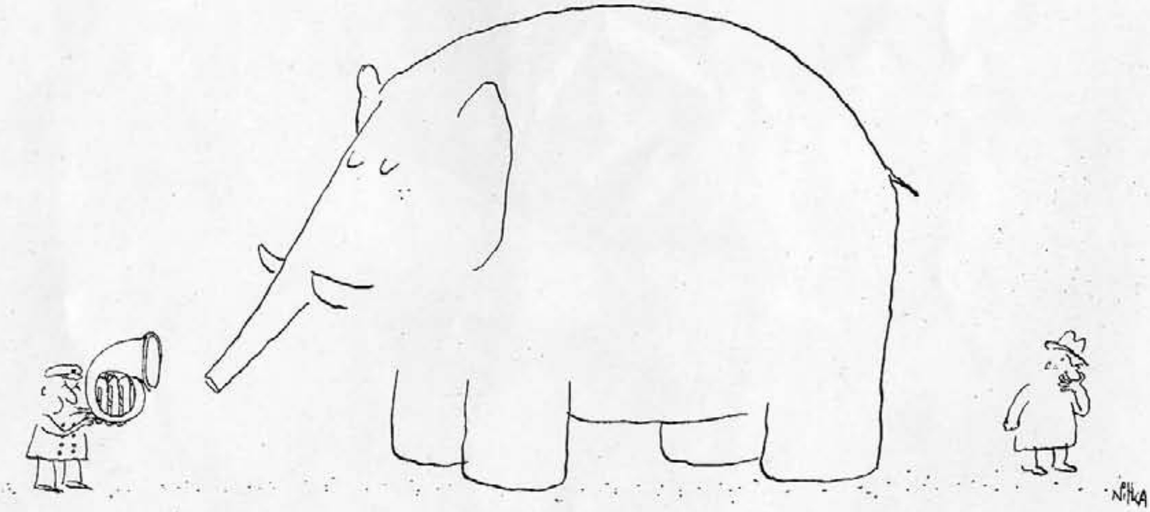
Jim: Heard? Heard what?

Bill: There's no use pretending.

Sally: What?

Bill: This is the last episode. We're being replaced by *Duller Dollars,* a hot new game show.

They all jump and sing. Rover clicks his light on and off. Esther opens up into a double bed. Bob throws away his truss. □





The Shooting Gallery

by Rick Meyerowitz

"I have always been an admirer of high style."
Richard M. Nixon





Pass the Arsenic, S'il Vous Plait

by Richard Alsop

Tell it Like it Was, Emily Post

Last Thursday I made my monthly safari into the darker recesses of my local bookstore, nurturing as always a flickering hope that I might unearth a dog-eared First Folio or a marked-down and remaindered Dead Sea Scroll or two. I was cutting a rather ethereal figure (my limpid gaze has been said to rival Proust's any day of the week), when I suddenly noticed that the shop had changed hands, something this particular establishment does with the alacrity of a Portuguese juggler. The first volume I had picked up was entitled *Leather Lads,* and a hasty hour's perusal revealed to my complete surprise that this deceptive tome in no way concerned itself with the rollicking, historical hijinx of an 18th-century tanner's apprentice.

The horn buttons fairly rocketing off my shoes and my whalebone corset-stays twanging with cruel disappointment, I caromed against the opposite counter where my trembling hand fell upon another volume at Random (a small, squishy suburb just north of Chevy Chase). Imagine my delight when the book proved to be a brand, spanking new edition of *Emily Post's Etiquette.* Melted by its piteous cries of pain and mindful of the thundershowers which I could have sworn were about to fall from the store's ceiling, I stuffed the book into the protective folds of my tunic, slipped past the wizened proprietor with a happy-go-lucky, eye-rolling whistle and cakewalked out the door and into a passing hansom. "Home, Bertie!" I chirrupped and eased back to relax as the cab's previous occupants methodically beat me to a pulp.

Later, in the cozy glow of my atelier, I gave Emily a once-over. The volume's 700-odd pages ($6.98 plain, $7.98 with a side of fries) is a monument both to Mrs. Post and to Funk & Wagnalls, a firm which has gallantly persisted in publishing this guide that tells you which particular harpoon is most appropriate for a morsel of coquille St. Jacques, when the rest of the world is writhing in the grip of worldwide revolution, Merv Griffin, or worse. And Funk & Wagnalls' only reward is its profits, which, I gather, it rakes in hand over dainty fist.

This *soi-disant* "complete guide to gracious living" begins with a creamy rich intro by Mrs. Elizabeth Post, granddaughter-in-law of the late Mrs. P. Liz warbles, "That supposedly unapproachable authority on all our manners and behavior [Mrs. Emily Post] was the sweetest, most natural, warmhearted, unaffected person I have ever met. From that day on, we were as close as two people separated by a span of years can be." Aha! Leave it to a Post to find the most palatable way possible to hint that senile old Mrs. P. could barely speak two intelligible words in a row and had to be lowered into her highchair with a derrick. Or did I read those words amiss?

The book itself contains a limitless range of chapter headings to foresee any conceivable vicissitude, from laying that loved one out with decorum (pages 310-319) to throwing a regular wowser of a debutante cotillion (298-303). About to pop in on the Holy Father? Well, you can't tell a chasuble from a ciborium without pages 153-157.

But the real meat and potatoes of the book lie basking in a rather ambitious chapter yclept "Conversation," a field of *politesse* pertinent to all of us blessed with a uvula and serviceable larynx. Covering the topic from stem to stern with a zeal that should be the envy of any veteran barnacle scraper, Mrs. Post gives numerous pointers on how to field "bores," "personal remarks," and last but not least, the good old American, 150-megaton "tactless blunder." Looking for an E-Z method to "break the ice" with a particularly monosyllabic stranger? Try "fishing" for "nibbles" with such surefire amulets as, "Do you live in Homeville, or are you just visiting?" If the party of the second part doesn't give you thrice twelve across your miserable back for such brass, you may wish to try, "We are planning to drive through the South. Do you know any particularly good places to stop on the way?" Assuming Mr. X holds himself back from suggesting Lucky Buck's Live Alligator Farm but still won't open his yap, you lower the boom on him with the tried and true, "I'm thinking of buying a television set. Which do you think is best?" Let's see Mr. Smarty try to wiggle out of *that* one!

Despite such tactical savvy, Mrs. Post does make an occasional slip of the pinky, power-diving from her airy heights to betray a perverse fondness for the prose of Rebecca West, whose

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES E. WHITE III

Thinking Reed left me, for one, gasping for air and puppy-paddling for shore. She further reveals a somewhat imperial partiality for the *sotto voce* in everyday speech. She opines, "A low voice is always more pleasing than one forced up against the ceiling and apparently let out through a steam vent in the roof." For those such as myself, whose shrill pipes have successfully reduced a milliner's window three blocks away to a fine powder, these are hard words indeed.

At any rate, the book cast my mind to ponder on how recent sociological shifts have caused the bottom to drop out of the gentility market, so I promptly seated myself at my veneered escritoire and, excusing myself all around, quilled this short *tableau vivant:*

[*SCENE: The gracious sitting room of etiquette doyenne Mrs. Margot Albacore de Tuna's spacious 3,000,000-acre estate nestled in the right-front burner of the last privately held mountain range in Upstate, New York. The room is tastefully papered with uncashed royalty checks and modestly appointed with embroidered pointers, whose polite growls give the setting a well-mannered warmth. This warmth is abetted by Bertie, the butler, who with one hand stokes a roaring blaze with the legs of a Duncan Phyfe commode, while with the other grinds up a 14th-century Ming vase for the canary's grit cup. The door chimes sound the first eight bars of* Try a Little Tenderness, *and, dusting his gnarled hands on a scrap of Gobelin tapestry in his back pocket, Bertie gravely opens the door to reveal fresh-faced Eunice Tastee-Freeze Albacore de Tuna, a Swarthmore junior and heiress to the de Tuna etiquette guide trillions. Beside her is a massive, foreheadless hulk encased in a Yale athletic sweater and a pair of Stay-Prest slacks, size 114. It is Bruce Hulk, all-Ivy wrestling champion and varsity dinosaur. As they enter, Mrs. Margot de Tuna herself appears at the top of a winding staircase, untangles herself with legendary aplomb, and descends in an understated gown she has woven herself from an odd Golden Fleece or two. She greets the couple.*]

MARGOT: Eunice! What a pleasant surprise! I had no idea you'd run through your generous allowance so quickly.

EUNICE: Nary an anna to my name, Grandmama. But the *real* reason I came . . . [*casting an eye at Bruce, whose drool is collecting in a small puddle on the Persian rug*]

MARGOT: Why, of course, I was just upstairs updating *faux pas.* [*to Bruce*] This must be Bruce. [*extends hand to him*] How do you do, Mr. Hulk?

BRUCE: [*noncommitally*] Grwamph murmph.

MARGOT: My! What a marvelously low voice you have.

EUNICE: Yes, and so much more pleasing than one forced up against the ceiling and apparently let out through a steam vent in the roof! Right, Grandmama?

MARGOT: Bet your ass, darling.

[*At that moment, the steam vent in the roof blows its safety valve with a resounding swoosh and showers the trio with a confetti of certified bank drafts.*]

BRUCE: [*startled*] Harrg!

MARGOT: Don't be frightened, my dear. Informality is the rule among young adults and teen-agers. Anyway, the damn thing blows twice a week.

EUNICE: [*dusting some burnt scraps from Bruce's eyebrow ridges*] Isn't Grandmama wonderful? She and I are as close as two people separated by a span of years can be!

MARGOT: Umm. [*brightening*] Gracious, I've forgotten. You young adults and teen-agers can work up quite an appetite. I'll have Bertie butcher a stoat or something. [*reaches for one of 63 human hair plaited bell-pulls*]

EUNICE: Er, thanks, Grandmama. [*looking at Bruce, who is calmly gnawing an end table*] Bruce burns a lot of energy at practice. But-but, we wanted to . . . to talk . . . about . . . *us.*

MARGOT: Fine! Talk's my real ace in the hole. [*to Bruce, who now is inspecting a nostril the size of an oarlock with a forefinger the size of an oar*] You see, Bruce, darling, I'm thinking of buying a television set. Which do you think is best?

BRUCE: Raarwf!

MARGOT: Ah, I see. [*thinking*] We're planning a drive through the South. Do you know any particularly good places to stop on the way?

BRUCE: Loorgh.

MARGOT: [*dubiously*] Are you fond of figure skating?

BRUCE: Snarrgh.

MARGOT: [*visibly unnerved*] Are you fond of, say, hot rum toddies? Home diathermy machines? Skittles? [*desperately*] Rebecca West, perhaps?

EUNICE: [*joyfully*] Rebecca West! Bruce wrote his thesis on Rebecca West!

[*At this point, Bruce's eyes take on a dim flame. Tossing aside a pheasant he had been licking like an Eskimo Pie, he leaps to the fireplace, extracts a smoldering leg of furniture and begins to scrawl the opening lines of West's* Black Lamb and Grey Falcon *across the foyer wall. Margot claps her hands with glee and agrees to announce their marriage Sunday next, and as the happy trio embrace, the steam vent explodes once and for all, burying everybody in publisher's advances.*] □



"I love your bulging eyes, your wet, green skin, your fat, puffy body . . ."

ART OR PORNO?

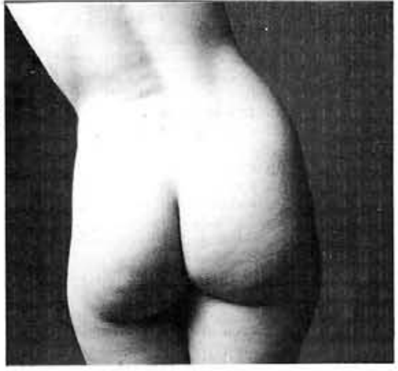
A Photographer's Guide to Naked Ladies

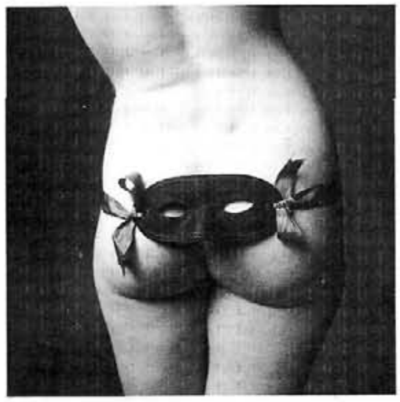
Every year, thousands of fledgling shutterbugs want to break into the rewarding field of glamour photography. "And why not?" one might naïvely say, ". . . all you need is a camera, film, a room with a lock on it and some gullible broad, right?" *Wrong!* The rewarding field of glamour photography is not as easy as it looks! There is a vast difference between the delicate, evocative nude portraits by Wingate Paine and the grainy, unappetizing pastramis splashed throughout seamy skin mags like *Keyhole Pix* and *He-Man Sewage Monthly*. (continued)



BY GEOFFREY DE MANDEVILLE

SELECT YOUR PROPS WISELY: *At right, a rather ho-hum study of the female derrière. However, with the appropriate prop, the picture takes on a haunting, mysterious quality.*





HISTORY

The art of nude photography has come a long way since that historic day in 1826 when Nicépoher Niépce trained his crude camera obscura upon some naked pigeons lolling about the quaint rooftops of Chalon-sur-Saône, France. But it was not until noted fashion photographer Richard Avedon's famous *au naturel* portrait of socialite Christina Paolozzi appeared in the glitzy pages of *Harper's Bazaar* in 1962 that fusty Victorian morality concerning the female form was finally overthrown. Despite the fact that *The N.Y. Social Register* dropped Miss Paolozzi from its listings like a live grenade, photographers everywhere finally declared open season on every undraped classy chassis in the world. Nude studies blossomed in dozens of "respectable" publications, and famous personalities, from Pablo Picasso to Hayley Mills, fought their way in front of every agreeable Nikon zoom.

THE TEN QUESTIONS

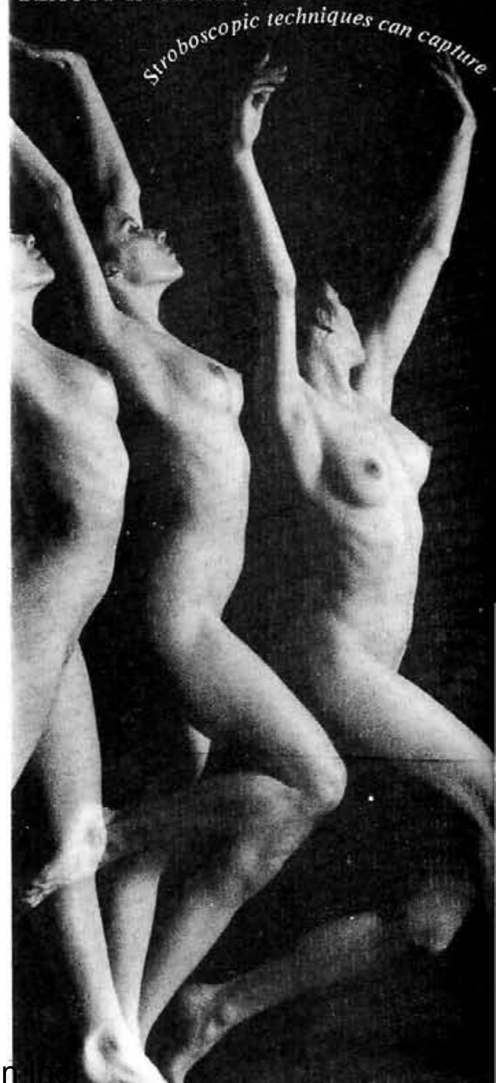
But what are the guidelines to follow through this wilderness of freedom curtailed only by certain stick-in-the-mud postal authorities? Well, first of all, every tyro should begin by asking himself these 10 questions:

1. Do I really have an abiding fascination with truly serious compositional studies of the female figure?
2. Am I sure I am not just out to cop a few cheap thrills and fast bucks?
3. Am I aware of the professional respect due female models?
4. Am I aware of the professional respect due female animal models?
5. Will I pay my animal models the same rates as my human models?
6. Do I know what the words *"ars gratia artis"* mean?
7. Do I know what the words, "You're under arrest," mean?
8. Do I keep my lenses clean and my f-stops to myself?
9. Would I let my mother see these photographs?
10. Would I let my mother pose for these photographs?

If you answer "no" to three or more of these questions, you are not qualified to take genuinely artistic photographs. (If you answer "no" to eight or more of these questions, you *are* qualified to make highly profitable *8mm motion pictures,* however, so don't despair.)

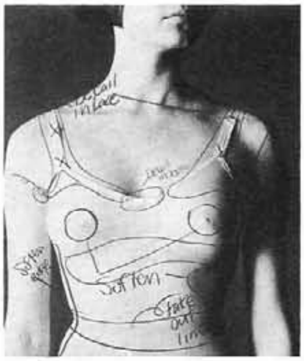
MODEL RELEASES

Passed that hurdle, eh? Good. Now you must consider the Model Release. The Model Release, as you may know, is a specially prepared form that gives you signed permission to publish the photographs you have just taken. In most cases, the standard release will put you in good stead, but should your shooting require . . . unusual demands of your model (say, the use of such props as lead-weighted whips, live seals or trapeze equipment), she may become skittish after the shooting and unnecessarily suspicious as to the exact wording of your release. In such rare cases, you should always carry some special forms in Gaelic, Esperanto or very fine print. Also, you would do well to look into the remarkable properties of disappearing ink.



BEAUTY IN MOTION: *Stroboscopic techniques can capture*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE ADDAMS



DON'T BE AFRAID TO RETOUCH: *Your model refuses to peel for $1.98 an hour? Just a dab or two of darkroom hi-jinx magically transforms this drab subject into a dramatic (and enjoyable) composition.*

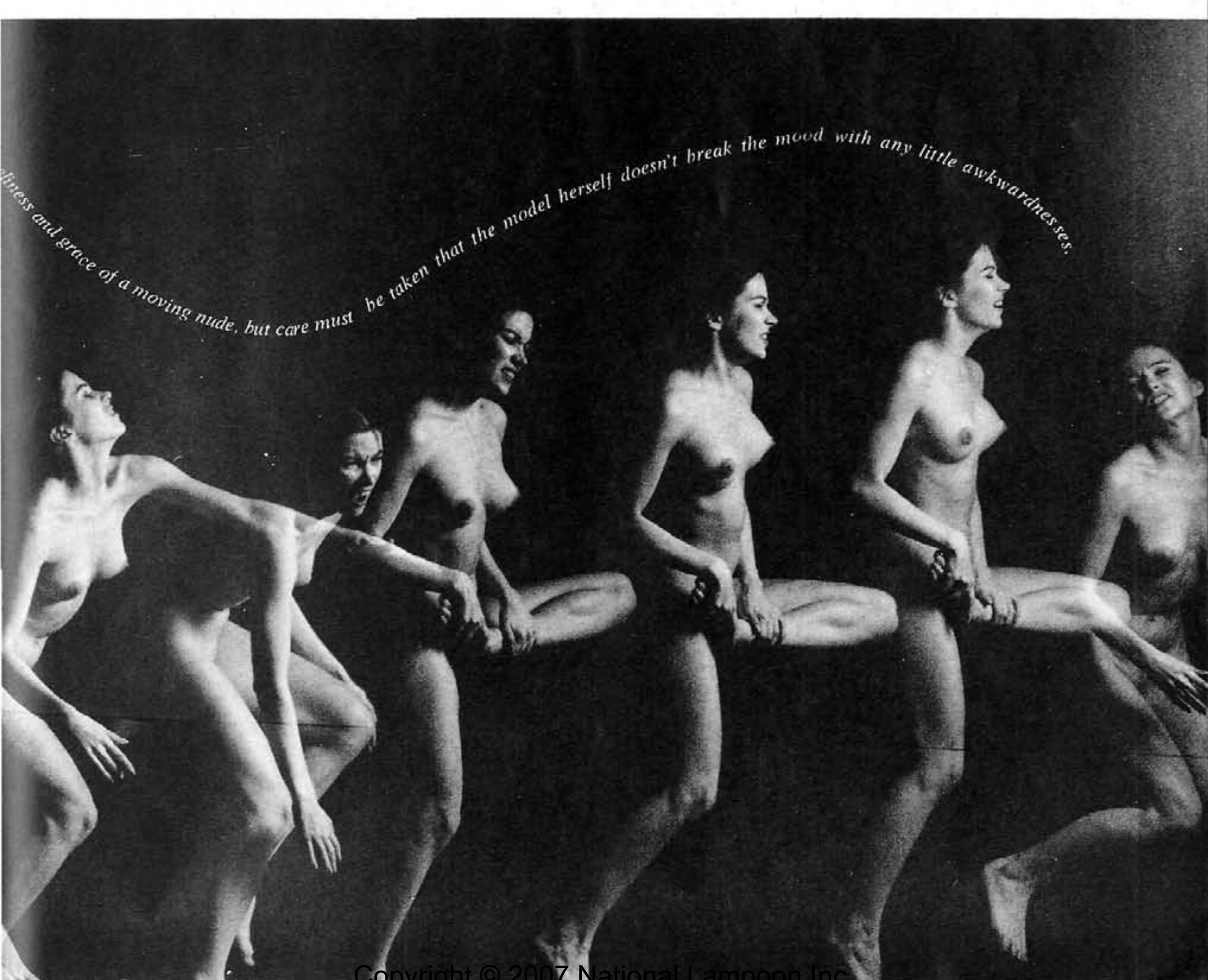


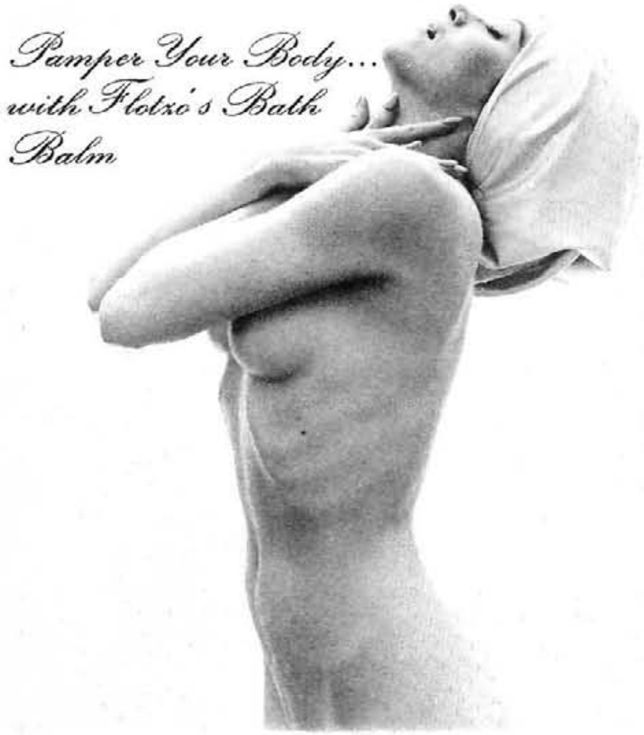
MODELS

The proper choice of model cannot be stressed too much. To get the "right" picture involves a lot of preliminary preparation (or "horsing around," as the pros like to call it).

Make sure, above all, that you have completely informed your model *in detail* of what will be expected of her during the shooting. If she gets cold feet in the middle of an elaborate set shot, you can find yourself stuck with a good deal of half-used film and some very-expensive-to-rent trapeze equipment.

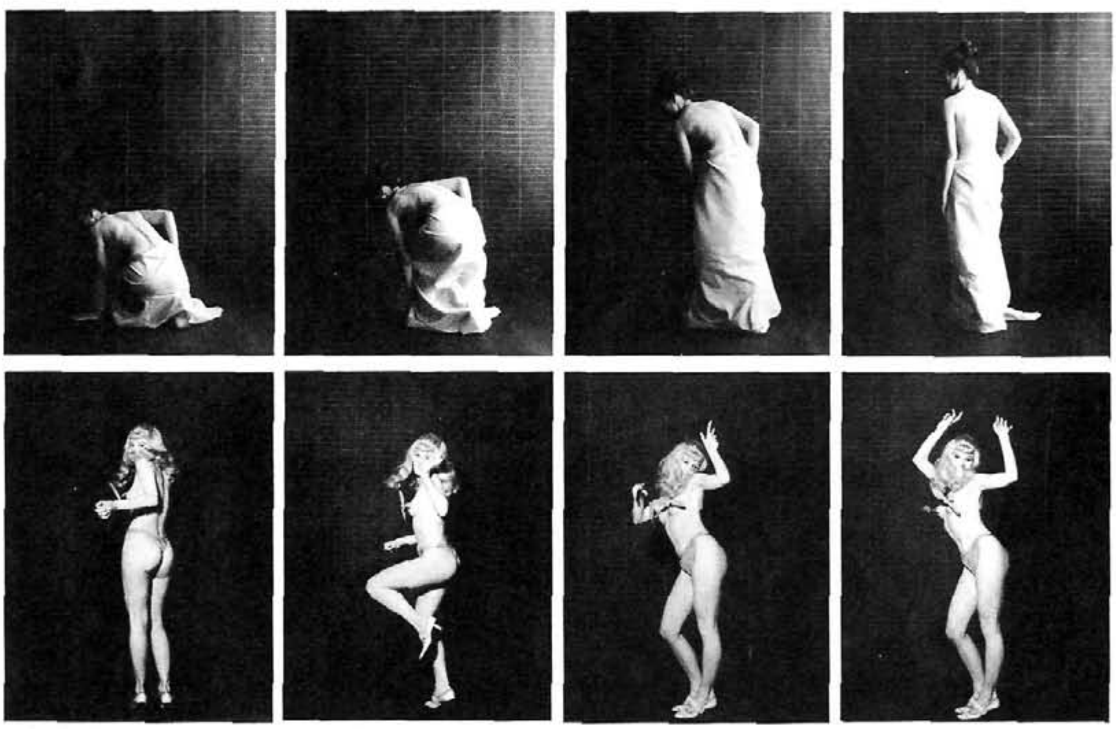
To insure full cooperation of your model, then, it is of the utmost importance that you *establish rapport with her.* This rapport can be established in a number of ways: soft music, chatty, getting-to-know-you small-talk, etc. Photographers of long experience, however, will usually rely on such tried-and-true ice-breakers as sodium pentothal or any number of animal tranquilizers.







CROP YOUR PICTURES ARTFULLY: *One of the most common photographic tricks is judicious cropping of excess detail from your composition. Notice how this glossy advertising photo on the left creates an entirely different mood from the original, cluttered composition on the right.*



CHOOSE THE RIGHT MODEL: *The old motion-study series by Eadweard Muybridge (above) may have been all right in its time, but the stark, detached model lends a rather cold and sterile look to his pictures. A livelier, more animated subject can transform the same situation into a memorable portrait* □

CAMERAS

Well, you've got your model, your Model Release — but aren't you forgetting something important? That's right, the camera! You may have spent hours preparing your setting and days finding just the right model, but what kind of pictures do you hope to take without that most important piece of equipment?

"What kind should I buy?" you may ask. For starters, don't be intimidated by those darkroom know-it-alls who tell you that you *must* have an expensive Hasselblad or Leica to capture your subject. *Not true!* While fancy 35mm units with supersonic shutter speeds and elaborate doodads can often come in handy, there's absolutely nothing wrong with less complicated varieties. Polaroid "Swingers," Kodak kiddee-kameras and various 98-cent Japanese miniatures can all produce prints of excellent clarity, and there are more than a few who staunchly swear by the quality pictures snapped with a homemade unit constructed from old shoe boxes and a salvaged binocular lens. Because of its relative simplicity, beginners are often better off with such units rather than the more complicated ones laden with sophisticated gimcracks like "lens openings" and "shutter speeds," gadgets guaranteed to baffle and confuse the novice.

A FINAL WORD

Lastly, here are a few Dos and Don'ts you would do well to remember as you embark on your first shooting.

DO refer to your subject matter as "art studies" or "figure composition."

DON'T call your finished work "pictures of naked ladies" or "hot stuff."

DO use such terminology as "bounced floods" and "stroboscopic timer."

DON'T use such expressions as "Chilly, isn't it? Heh heh," and "Watch the birdie! Heh heh."

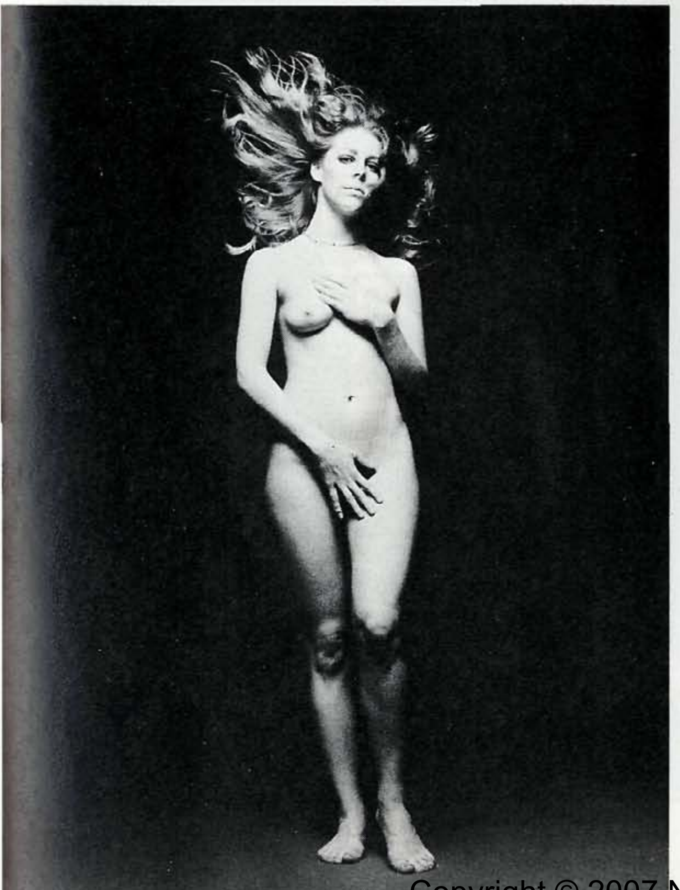
DO discuss the use of framing in the early works of Stieglitz and Callahan.

DON'T discuss the use of hands and gutteral sounds in the early works of Russ Meyers and Guido Pombozzi.

THERE YOU HAVE IT

Well, there you have it! Now you're ready to load up and shoot on your own! It's only a matter of time before you'll hear opportunity knocking at your studio door and those long-awaited words of recognition: "Okay, buddy, *this is the police.*" □

DON'T BE AFRAID TO BE CANDID: *On the left is a rather typical and somewhat boring "set" shot. Pretty, but it lacks a certain something extra. You can get that extra* with the same model *by waiting for that fleeting, unguarded moment when model, situation and mood all seem to click just right.*





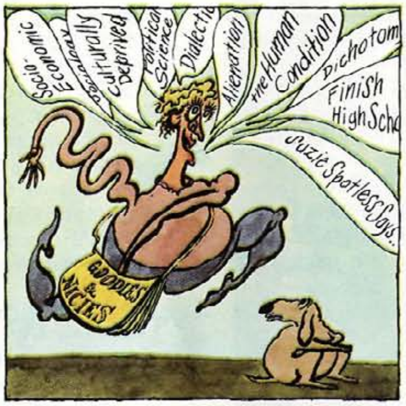
bad taste is where it's at

by arnold roth

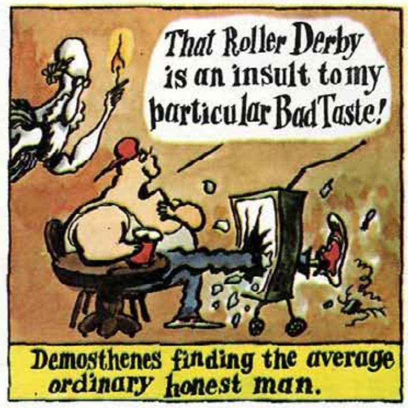
A Brief History of Bad Taste



Bad Taste was accidentally invented by J. P. "The Public be Damned" Peapee in 1907. J.P. also invented the advertising business. Since even he couldn't tell his inventions apart, no one remembers him fondly.

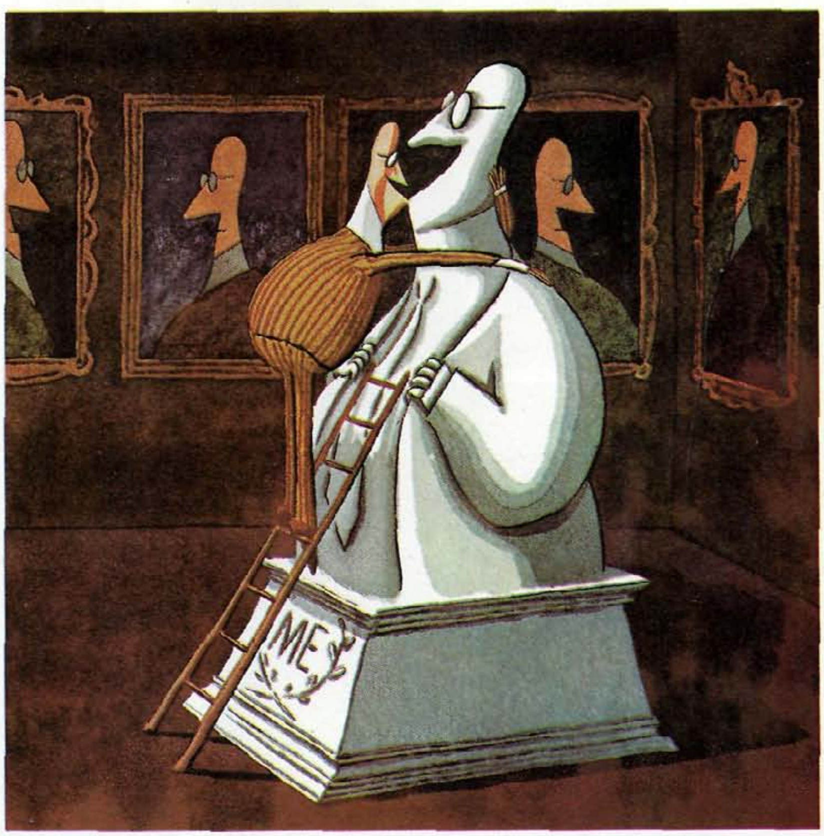


The dedicated task of spreading Bad Taste throughout the land was entrusted to Johnny Appleseedy — even though he was already pretty disgusting anyway.



Public acceptance of Bad Taste was championed by Johnny Gutenberg, who invented movable type, the Bible and Modern Man.

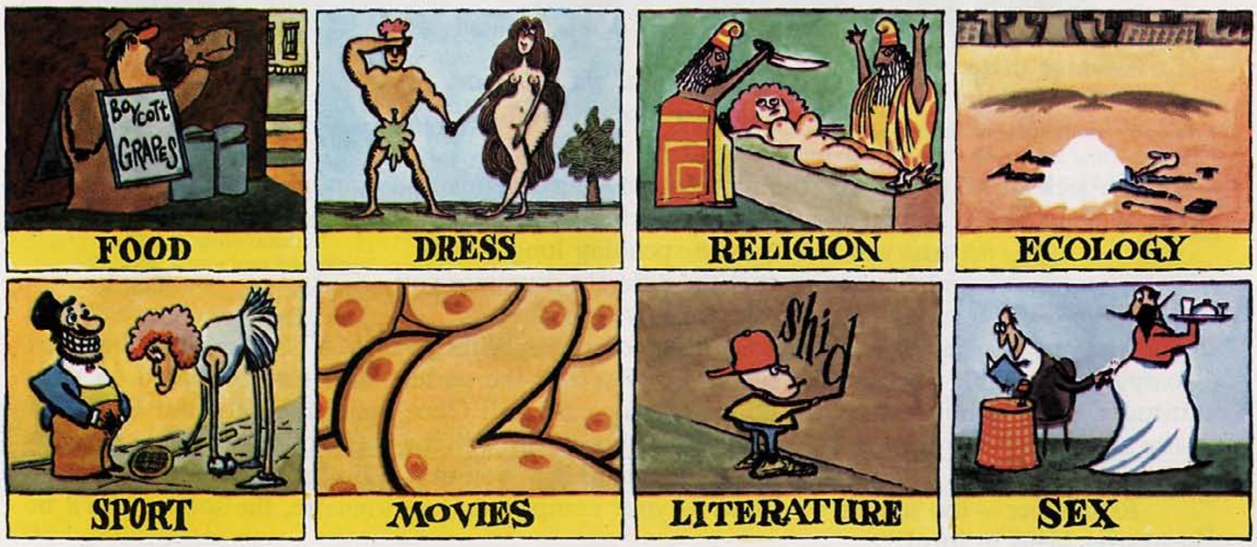
Some people are fooled into thinking there are kinds of Taste other than Bad. These people say they have Good Taste. These are fun at cocktail parties and things like that. Having Good Taste compels them to say what Bad Taste everyone else has. Such talk is naturally the height of Bad Taste —proving the maxim that "Taste Seeks Its Own Level". Here is an actual photo of a person of Good Taste thoroughly enjoying himself.





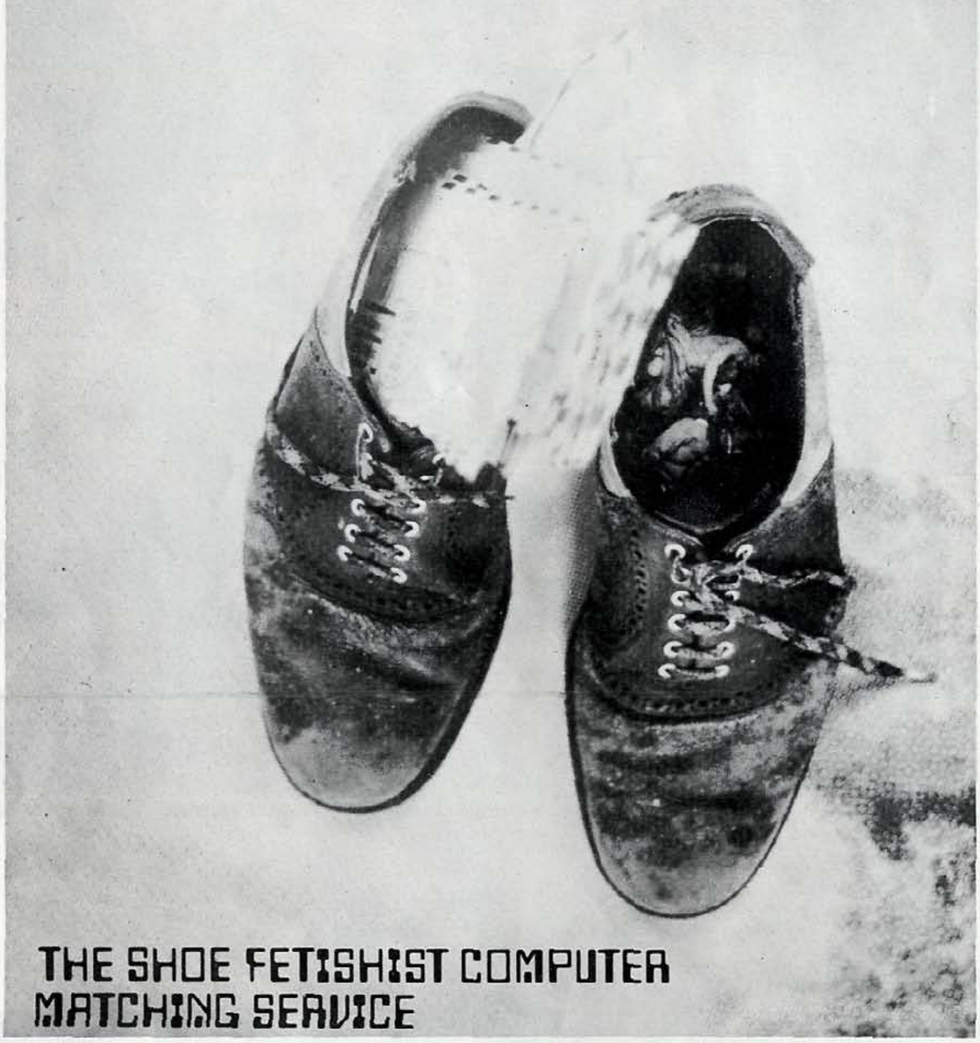
Not everyone is born with natural Bad Taste. It can, however, be learned or, at least imitated. There are whole institutions and countless individuals who will gladly point out examples of it.

A Field Guide for Bad-Taste Spotters



SOLEMATE

BY MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE



THE SHOE FETISHIST COMPUTER MATCHING SERVICE

"Give me that old soft shoe,
Nothing else will do . . ."

Are you sick of searching for the footgear of your dreams and coming up empty? Are you tired of being sneered at by thoughtless shoe clerks who treat fetishists as second-class citizens?

Are you fed up with spending long, lonely nights hoping that the different drummer you march to will march all over you?

Then "put the boot" to frustration and disappointment with SOLEMATE, the Shoe Fetishist Computer Matching Service that *scientifically selects* the perfect shoe for you based on your attitudes, personality, preferences and psychological need! Once the answers to your Questionnaire are fed into our complex equipment, we choose, through the magic of modern data processing, your ideal shoe, your SOLEMATE, and mail it to you in a plain brown wrapper!

Remember – the sooner you send us your completed Questionnaire, the sooner you'll be "head over heels" in love!

SOLEMATE

1. Can a person have a deep and meaningful relationship with a shoe?
   ( ) yes ( ) no ( ) it depends on the shoe

2. Which is most essential in establishing a deep and meaningful relationship with a shoe?
   ( ) love ( ) sex ( ) mutual respect

3. Could you remain faithful to a wing-tipped cordovan?
   ( ) yes ( ) no ( ) only to a wing-tipped cordovan

4. If the shoe fits, ______ it! (Fill in the blank with a 4-letter word that best describes your feelings.)

5. Which name would you chose for a dog?
   ( ) Rover ( ) Fido ( ) Tige

6. If you were marooned on a desert island and could have only 3 pairs of shoes, which of the following would you pick:
   ( ) pink plush bedroom slippers
   ( ) scuffed saddle shoes with glen plaid laces
   ( ) steel-capped paratrooper boots
   ( ) mules
   ( ) wedgies
   ( ) frayed *poulaines*
   ( ) plastic shower clogs
   ( ) penny loafers
   ( ) Wellington boots
   ( ) ankle-strap pumps
   ( ) open-toed sling-backs
   ( ) soiled tennis sneakers
   ( ) spotless white bucks
   ( ) black patent leather sandals
   ( ) Bass Weejuns
   ( ) bronzed baby booties
   ( ) used galoshes with rusted buckles

7. Should priests be allowed to marry their shoes?
   ( ) yes ( ) no ( ) not just allowed but encouraged

8. Would you like to walk in another man's moccasins?
   ( ) yes ( ) no

9. Would you like to die with your boots on?
   ( ) yes ( ) no

10. Which of the following erotic poems do you prefer?
    ( ) Cock a doodle doo!
    My dame has lost her shoe;
    My master's lost his fiddling-stick,
    And knows not what to do.
    — Nursery rhyme

    ( ) Wynken,Blynken and Nod one night
    Sailed off in a wooden shoe —
    Sailed off in a river of crystal light,
    Into a sea of dew.
    — Eugene Field

11. Should anyone under 17 years of age be admitted to a shoe store?
    ( ) yes ( ) no ( ) only if accompanied by a parent or legal guardian

12. Do you consider it proper for shoes to be shined in public?
    ( ) yes ( ) no ( ) only if shined in front of consenting adults

13. Rated from 1 to 5, circle the number that best equals the degree of gratification which you would expect to receive from the following brands (note — 1 equals "none at all"; 5 equals "total ecstasy"):

Flagg Brothers	1	2	3	4	5
Enna Jettick	1	2	3	4	5
Capezio	1	2	3	4	5
Dr. Posner	1	2	3	4	5
Charles Jourdon	1	2	3	4	5
Weyenberg	1	2	3	4	5

14. Would you wear brown shoes with a blue suit?
    ( ) yes ( ) no

15. Check any of the following that turn you on:
    ( ) suport hosiery ( ) stilts ( ) bunion pads ( ) webbed toes ( ) cleats ( ) shoe horns ( ) stacked heels ( ) athlete's foot ( ) fallen arches ( ) stiletto heels ( ) argyle socks

16. A shoe that's stepped in doggie doo-doo should be:
    ( ) cleaned with linseed oil
    ( ) cleaned with a dry cloth, touched up with polish, then buffed lightly to restore gloss
    ( ) treasured

17. Do you believe that people who love *orthopedic* shoes are sick and should be put away?
    ( ) yes ( ) no ( ) maybe

When you've answered all the questions, detach the Questionnaire, put it in an envelope with your check or money order for twenty-five dollars ($25)* and mail it to: SOLEMATE, 445 Hudson Place, New York, New York 10017. Within weeks, we'll send you your ideal shoe . . . a shoe that you'll fall for!

Act Today!
Don't Delay!

□

*$35 if you would like both shoes

Notes from Overground

by John Weidman

九十五國民於定司公空航華中
前爲，線航新山金舊—京東—
機客七〇七音波華中的捷快適

June 28, 1970

Dear Marge,
Turn over for a shot of the cabin of our Japan Airlines 747--the big bird that set us down here in London this morning. The four little circles show where we were. The X shows where Johnny threw up on the stewardess. (I told her all he eats are hamburgers.)
The Japs may make good radios, but they've got a lot to learn about running an airplane. All they had to drink was some funny "sacky," and lukewarm, too. Harry thought the pilot looked familiar and asked him if he'd ever been a houseboy on Okinawa during the war. I won't tell you what I think he said, but I hope it was Japanese!
Next time, TWA. Love,

Xenophobique Companie, 39-33 Rue de la Plotz, Paris, France



Mrs. Marge La Farge
34 Niagara Falls Blvd
Buffalo, New York

LONDON'S WORLD-FAMOUS "BIG BEN." Towering fully 15 feet above the busy London hustle and bustle, this magnificent example of clock-making has bored tourist and native alike for over 200 years.

June 30, 1970

Dear Marge,
Loving London. Everything is sort of old and run down, but very cute and quaint. And the way people talk! Harry and I have been slipping in a few "blimeys" and "rathers" so we won't feel like such foreigners. Harry is a regular Richard Burton!
We took the "underground" to famous Buckingham Palace this morning to see the famous palace guards. Harry bet a man from Des Moines two "quids" that he could make the guard laugh. His Jolson imitation attracted quite a crowd, but Harry lost the "wager." For lunch we bought the kids "fish 'n' chips." On the front I marked the spot where Billy threw up on the "Crown Jewels." Cheerio
Shelia

Xenophobique Companie, 39-33 Rue de la Plotz, Paris, France



Mrs. Marge La Farge
34 Niagara Falls
Buffalo, New York

EDINBURGH'S WORLD-FAMOUS FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS. A "must" for any visitor to Scotland, its colorful pageantry has earned it a special place in the hearts of travel agents around the world.

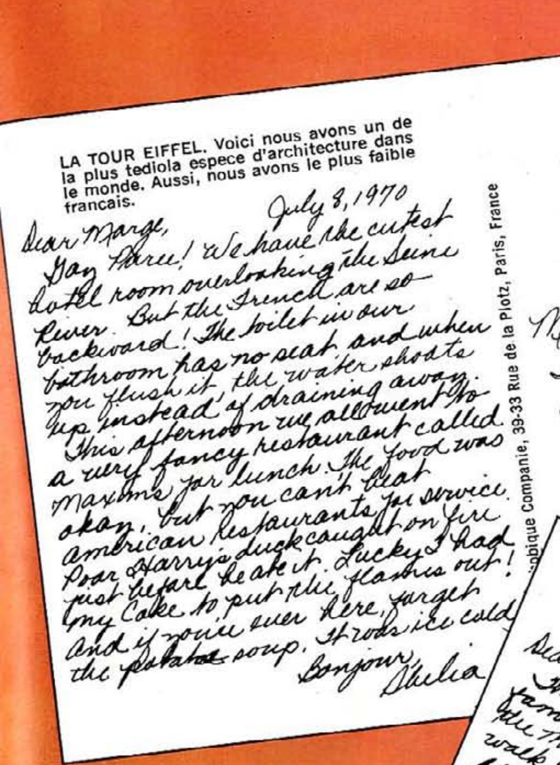
July 5, 1970

Dear Marge,
Here we are, right in the middle of the very famous Edinburgh Festival. Harry wanted to go see the U.S.C. Theatre Company doing Oklahoma!, but I found out there's someone here named Emlyn Williams who does a famous impersonation of Charles Dickens (the man who wrote Oliver!). Well, we went, and do you know he didn't sing any of the songs from the movie -- just read out of some old books. What some of these foreigners think is entertainment!
Gotta go. Harry wants to run out and buy kilts. He says the only way you get to know a city is to blend in with the natives.
Yours,
Shelia

Xenophobique Companie, 39-33 Rue de la Plotz, Paris, France



Mrs. Marge La F
34 Niagara Fa
Buffalo, New Yo



LA TOUR EIFFEL. Voici nous avons un de la plus tediola espece d'architecture dans le monde. Aussi, nous avons le plus faible francais.

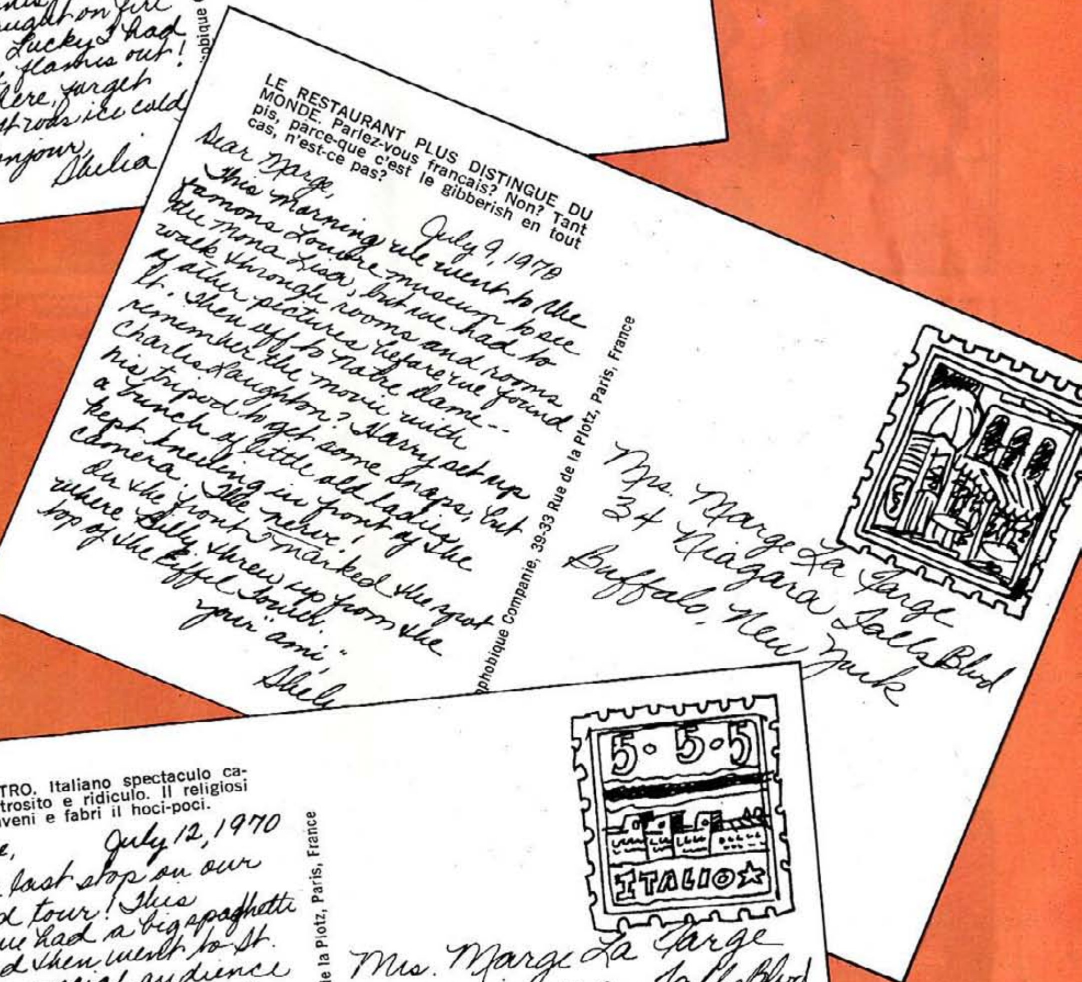
July 8, 1970

Dear Marge,
Gay Paree! We have the cutest hotel room overlooking the Seine River. But the French are so backward! The toilet in our bathroom has no seat, and when you flush it, the water shoots up instead of draining away. This afternoon we all went to a very fancy restaurant called Maxim's for lunch. The food was okay, but you can't beat American Restaurants for service. Poor Harry's duck caught on fire just before he ate it. Lucky I had my Coke to put the flames out! And if you're ever here, forget the potato soup. It was ice cold.

Bonjour,
Shelia

Xenophobique Companie, 39-33 Rue de la Plotz, Paris, France

Mrs. Marge La Farge
34 Niagara Falls Blvd.
Buffalo, New York



LE RESTAURANT PLUS DISTINGUE DU MONDE. Parlez-vous francais? Non? Tant pis, parce-que c'est le gibberish en tout cas, n'est-ce pas?

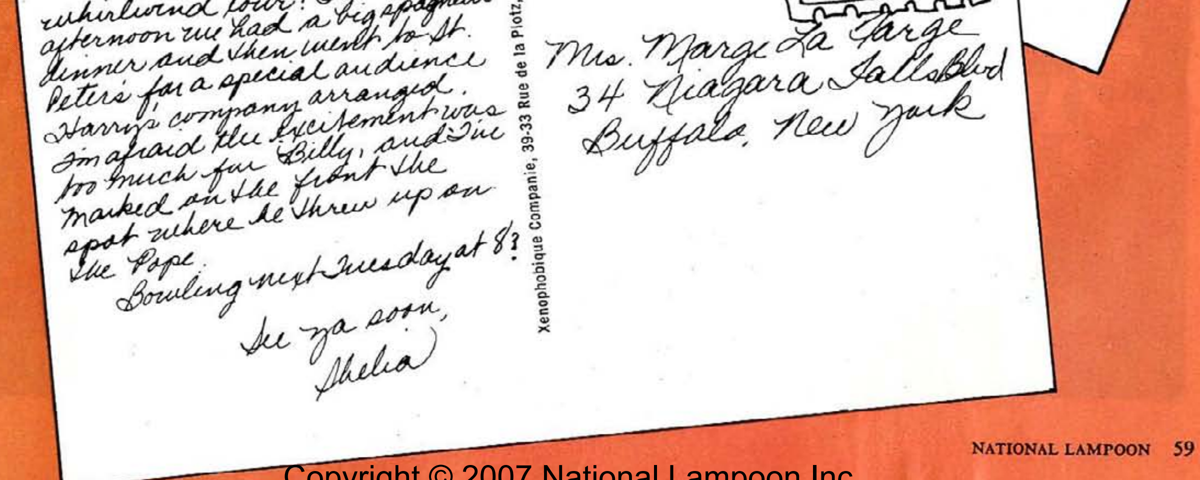
July 9, 1970

Dear Marge,
This morning we went to the famous Louvre museum to see the Mona Lisa, but we had to walk through rooms and rooms of other pictures before we found it. Then off to Notre Dame -- remember the movie with Charles Laughton? Harry set up his tripod to get some snaps, but a bunch of little old ladies kept kneeling in front of the camera. The nerve! I marked the spot on the front where Billy threw up from the top of the Eiffel Tower.

"your ami,"
Sheli

Xenophobique Companie, 39-33 Rue de la Plotz, Paris, France

Mrs. Marge La Farge
34 Niagara Falls Blvd
Buffalo, New York



IL SAN PIETRO. Italiano spectaculo cathedri monstrosito e ridiculo. Il religiosi fanatico conveni e fabri il hoci-poci.

July 12, 1970

Dear Marge,
Rome, the last stop on our whirlwind tour! This afternoon we had a big spaghetti dinner and then went to St. Peter's for a special audience Harry's company arranged. I'm afraid the excitement was too much for Billy, and I've marked on the front the spot where he threw up on the Pope.
Bowling next Tuesday at 8?

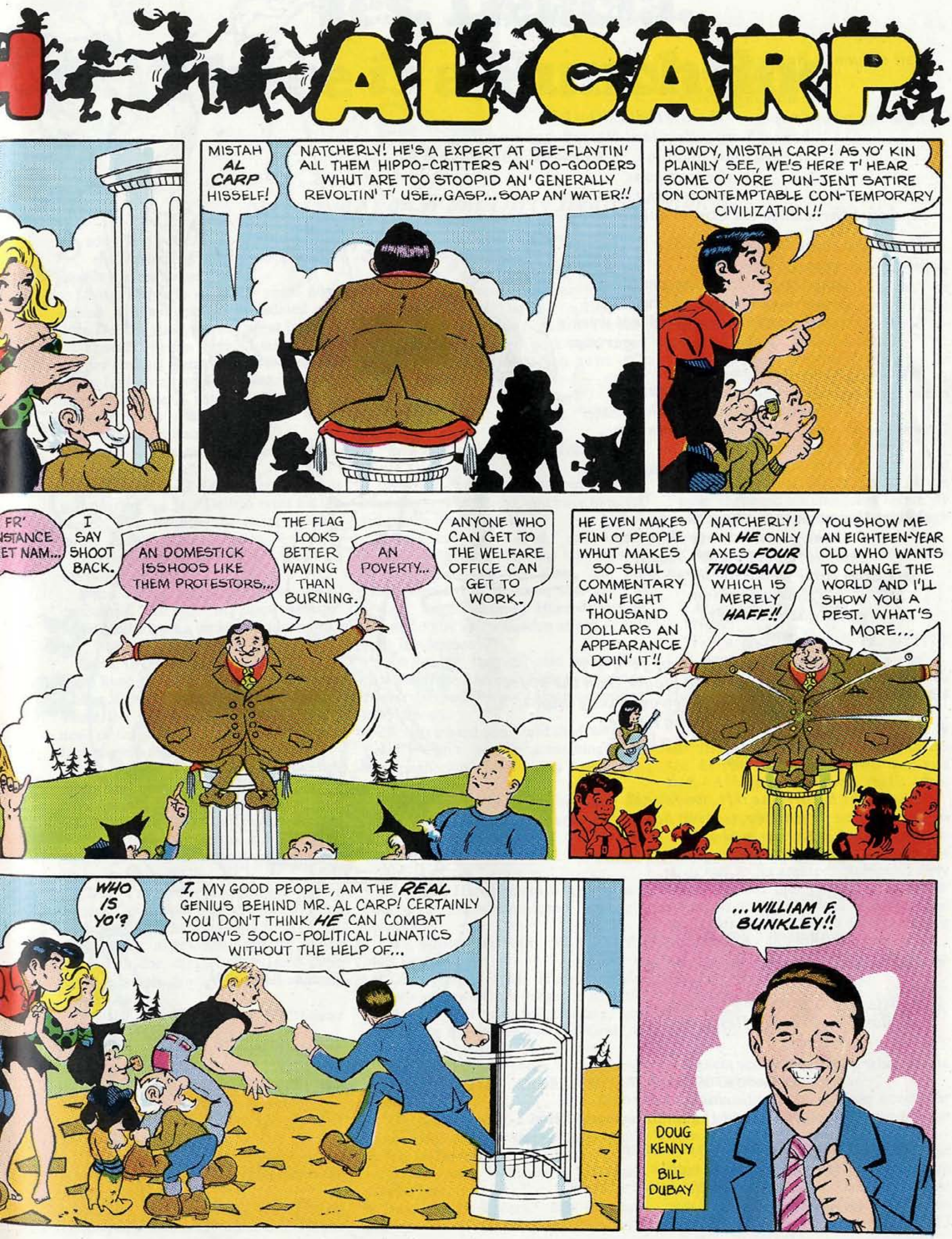
See ya soon,
Shelia

Xenophobique Companie, 39-33 Rue de la Plotz, Paris, France

Mrs. Marge La Farge
34 Niagara Falls Blvd
Buffalo, New York




LI'L BIGMOUT
ONCE A Y'AR IT'S OUR RESPECKFUL DOOTY T' VISIT TH' FELLER WHAT CREE-AYTED ALLUS QUAINT AN' WONDIFUL CHARACTERS...
NAMELY TH' MOST BRILL-YUNT AN' POPULAR CARTOONER IN TH' WHOLE WORL'...
THE MORE I SEE STUDENTS, THE MORE I DISLIKE THEM.
HAW! HAW! THET'LL SHOW THEM THAR REVOLUSHUNERS A THING OR TWO!!
KIDS WANT TO BE KICKED!
HE'S FIGGURED OUT SINGLE-HANDED HOW T' SOLVE THEM INTER-NASHUNAL PROBLEMS
BLAM
WHUT WUZ THET?
WHY, MISTAH AL CARP DONE EX-PLOSHUNED!
BUT WHUT'LL HAP-PEN T' ALLUS IN DOGSPLOTCH?! WHO'LL DRAW US?
WE'S DOOMED!
WRONG!


AL CARP
MISTAH AL CARP HISSELF!
NATCHERLY! HE'S A EXPERT AT DEE-FLAYTIN' ALL THEM HIPPO-CRITTERS AN' DO-GOODERS WHUT ARE TOO STOOPID AN' GENERALLY REVOLTIN' T' USE... GASP... SOAP AN' WATER!!
HOWDY, MISTAH CARP! AS YO' KIN PLAINLY SEE, WE'S HERE T' HEAR SOME O' YORE PUN-JENT SATIRE ON CONTEMPTABLE CON-TEMPORARY CIVILIZATION!!
FR' NSTANCE ET NAM...
I SAY SHOOT BACK.
AN DOMESTICK ISSHOOS LIKE THEM PROTESTORS...
THE FLAG LOOKS BETTER WAVING THAN BURNING.
AN POVERTY...
ANYONE WHO CAN GET TO THE WELFARE OFFICE CAN GET TO WORK.
HE EVEN MAKES FUN O' PEOPLE WHUT MAKES SO-SHUL COMMENTARY AN' EIGHT THOUSAND DOLLARS AN APPEARANCE DOIN' IT!!
NATCHERLY! AN *HE* ONLY AXES *FOUR THOUSAND* WHICH IS MERELY *HAFF!!*
YOU SHOW ME AN EIGHTEEN-YEAR OLD WHO WANTS TO CHANGE THE WORLD AND I'LL SHOW YOU A PEST. WHAT'S MORE...
WHO IS YO'?
I, MY GOOD PEOPLE, AM THE *REAL* GENIUS BEHIND MR. AL CARP! CERTAINLY YOU DON'T THINK *HE* CAN COMBAT TODAY'S SOCIO-POLITICAL LUNATICS WITHOUT THE HELP OF...
...WILLIAM F. BUNKLEY!!
DOUG KENNY • BILL DUBAY

Listen to the Drivel

by Rod McKutsie



I sit on gentle Sundays
by the whispering sea
but nothing comes.
I put my pen to paper — the Bic that Cathy left
beneath my pillow that stormy morning
the sea gulls told me
she was gone
but nothing comes.
And just three days till Cosmo *goes to press.*

My Cathy came to me on Sunday
like the breeze off Malibu,
sometimes warm and gentle
sometimes harsh and blustery
smelling of crude oil and last week's
garbage.

My Cathy came to me in feelings
and in textures
like a ten-cent Hershey bar
creamy and caressing,
plain
or chunky and unyielding,
with nuts.

When the moon was like a turkey leg
and the grunion were slapping out
their love beat on the beach,
my Cathy came to me for love
like a grunion
and I gave it to her
Good.

We lay together for a moment of forever,
creating a world no bigger than the space
between our sandy thighs.
Our love exploded in screaming sirens,
flashing lights,
we were arrested.

The night before she left, we fought
a bitter, tearing fight
She told me that my poems
should be printed on the backs of
bubble gum cards.
If you're so smart,
I said,
why aren't you rich?

She came to be explored, found out
by me
a little boy at grandma's house
all alone on a rainy afternoon
peeking
sneaking
breathlessly into each mysterious
uncharted room
until I reached the hollow empty attic.

She came to me like grandma's house
a treasure house of riches
in the lower stories
but not too much
upstairs. □

Yes, Delicia, There *is* a Punchline

by John Boni

Hey Kid, You Want Dirty Bedtime Story?

Daddy," said our firm-bosomed 6-year-old, squirming onto my lap, "where do dirty jokes come from?"

Lolita, my wife of many years now, smiled at the question. It seemed our little Delicia was growing up at last.

"The stork brings them," I said, watching her curious glances down toward my groin. Lolita was watching also. "Just the filthy-filthy ones," she added. "A fairy puts the others under your pillow every time you hear a naughty word."

"Oh," said my round-hipped 10-year-old, excited by it all.

"Time for bed," I announced, for it was nearing 4 A.M. "Delicia must hit the sheets." We mounted the stairs together to her leather-lined bedroom.

She demanded a story first. "About the Dirty-Joke Fairy."

Since Lolita hadn't come up yet, I consented. "All right, my piece of flesh," I said, and slipping under the covers with her, I told this tale:

ONCE UPON A TIME, in a damp sewer, there lived seven fairies — Arnie, Brucie, Lance, Peter, Piper, Peeper and Pansy. Their job was writing dirty jokes and none of them was happy in their work. In fact, they hated it.

Not feeling very creative this one morning, Pansy instead was primping in front of Magic-Mirror-on-the-Wall and asked, "Who's the fairest of us all?"

"You, faggot," answered M. Mirror. "Now get back to work. You have a ha-ha quota to fill."

"But I'm too beautiful to be a drudge," protested Pansy. "Oh . . . I just wish we didn't have to—"

Suddenly, a powdered puff of smoke poofed in the dingy sewer, and there stood a tackily dressed fairy-elf sporting a big wand.

"Wish? Wish?" he said. "Did I hear someone make a wish?"

"Me!" cried the startled Pansy. "Who're you?"

"That's for me to know and for you to find out," came the smug reply.

"A riddle freak," said Lance, their perversion expert.

"Rapunzel has dandruff," said Arnie, who only spoke graffiti and never to the point.

Despite these outbursts, the fairy-elf continued. "Guess my name and I'll put my magic, wish-granting wand at your disposal."

"Oh, boy," said the fairies excitedly.

"But, I warn you! It's a very unusual name. Give up, yet?" he said cockily.

"It's Humpagherkin," yelled Peeper.

The fairy-elf turned pink with rage. "Drat," he spat. "How'd you guess it?"

"It's written on your wand — PROPERTY OF HUMPARGHERKIN! See?"

"Hooray," cried the fairies. "Grant us our wish."

"Prince Charming is a dyke," cried Arnie.

"Not so fast, hummingbirds," cried Humpagherkin. "Next, you have to guess the punch line to a joke."

"Aw f' cryin' out loud," said Lance pursing a lip and showing his obvious displeasure at the silly game. But the fairies decided to continue anyway.

"All right," said Humpagherkin, "what do you call a sudden attack of the runs in Germany?"

"Oh, dear," they all said unhappily. None of them had ever been to a foreign country, especially not to one as foreign as Germany.

"That's a hard one," said the frustrated Peter. "Can't we do something else, Humpagherkin? Like kiss a frog, maybe?"

"Nope," said the unfeeling fairy-elf. "Rules are rules. Last chance now — what's a sudden attack of the runs in Germany?"

"A *shitskrieg,*" answered Peeper.

This time Humpagherkin became lavender livid. "How'd you guess *that* one?" he asked.

"It's written on your cuff," said the alert Peeper.

"Oh, poop," said Humpagherkin. "That's so I wouldn't forget it myself."

The fairy-elf was foiled again, and once more the fairies yelled, "Grant us our wish, already," over and over.

"Just one minute, sillies," said Humpagherkin. "This here is a three-part wish-granting."

"Oh, Christ, what a bore," screamed Lance, who by this time was extremly miffed and muffed.

"At this rate, we'll die of old age," piped Piper.

"Just this last part," said Humpagherkin, "and I'll fill your bags with dirty jokes forever."

"Dracula sucks," said Arnie.

Humpagherkin paused for effect. "The third part is wish-granter's choice," he said, "and I want you to answer . . . to answer . . ." But he didn't finish and instead he yelled, "Knock-knock!"

"Who's there?" blurted Peter.

"Argo!" said Humpagherkin.

"Argo, who?" countered the fairies instinctively.

"THAT's what I want you to answer," said Humpagherkin. "Argo, *who!?*"

Well, the fairies became very silent because they just didn't know. Even Peeper shrugged his shoulders helplessly after giving Humpagherkin a thorough going over.

"Argo*nuts*?" said Piper, who was something of a scholar.

"Nope!" said Humpagherkin.

"Argo *sees?*" said Pansy.

"Nope!"

"For a good time, call PL 7-7717," said Arnie.

Beside himself with excitement, Humpagherkin smirked and said, "Come on, let's go! Give up? Argo, *who!?*"

At this point, Lance was completely fed up. Sashaying over to Humpagherkin, he rose to his full fairied fury and said, "Awr, go f--- yourself, that's Argo, *who!*"

Well, you've never seen anyone as mad as Humpagherkin. Lance had accidentally guessed the answer and now the wish had to be granted. Suddenly, dirty jokes trickled and tumbled into the sewer, enough to last a lifetime. The seven fairies were at last free to deliver them to boys and girls everywhere.

"Hooray," they screamed, dashing up the manhole.

"Hemorrhoids are a pain in the ass," said Arnie, and they all lived happily ever after.

* * *

Delicia was nearly asleep when Lolita looked in to say good night.

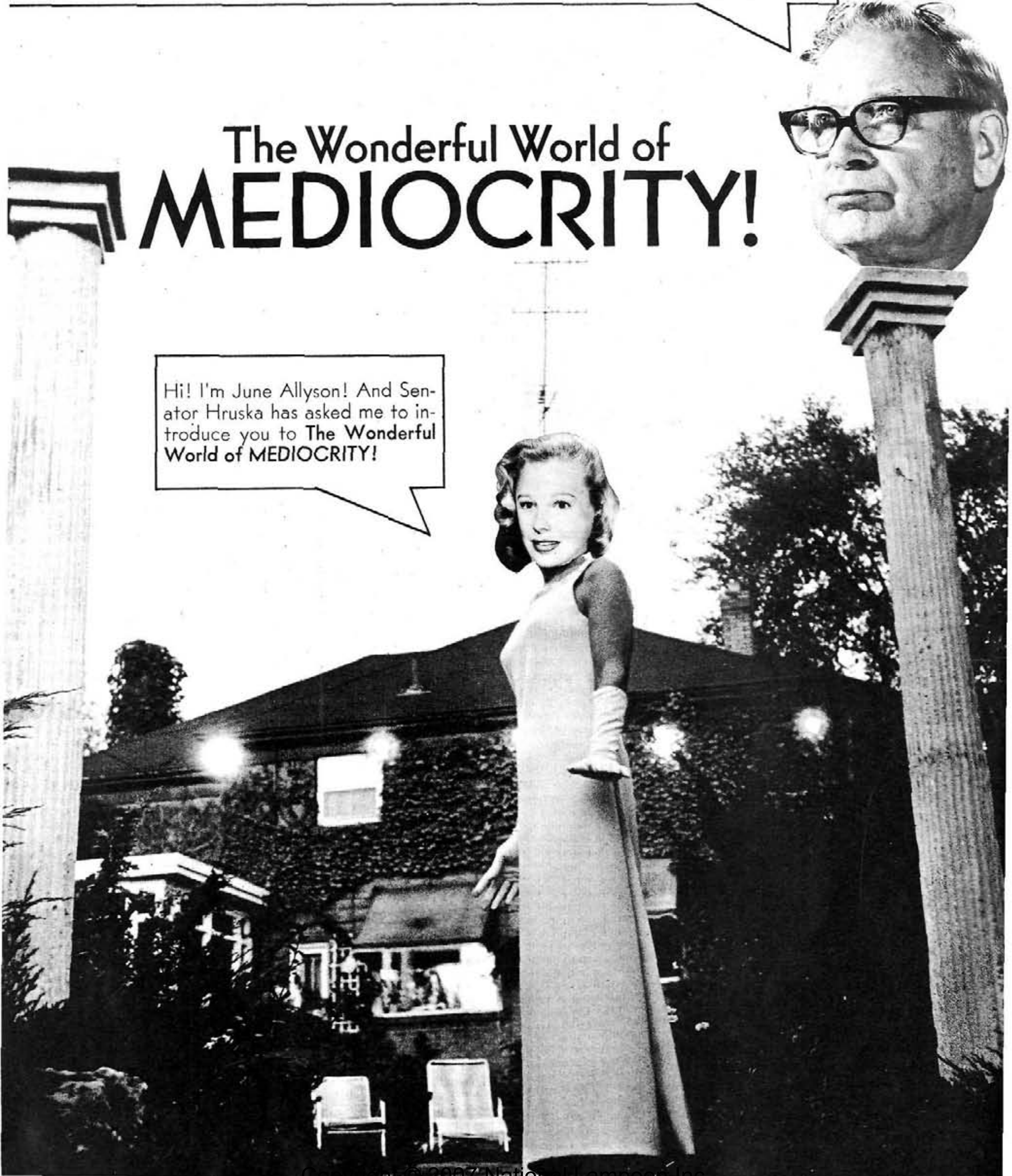
"Did daddy ever tell you about the fairy with the big magic wand," she asked her mommy.

"All the time," answered Lolita, "but your daddy says mommy's too grown-up for those stories now. Sleep tight, you two," she said, and shut the door on us for the night. □

"Even if he were mediocre, there are a lot of mediocre judges and people and lawyers, nd they are entitled to a little representation, aren't they? We can't have all Brandeises, rankfurters and Cardozos."

– Senator Roman L. Hruska, Republican of Nebraska, on Judge G. Harrold Carswell

The Wonderful World of MEDIOCRITY!



WHAT IS MEDIOCRITY?
by Eddie Albert

What is Mediocrity?
Mediocrity is a way of life and more.
Mediocrity is the gleam of a freshly minted Dodge Coronet.
Mediocrity is the reassuring hum of an electric knife.
Mediocrity is the little zing of pleasure you get when the bus runs on time.

Why do you need Mediocrity?
Mediocrity is a way of ridding yourself of the disastrous **highs** and **lows**, the unwanted **excess**, that is destroying your fragile sanity.

MEDIOCRITY IS THE GOLDEN MIDDLE PATH
leading to Peace of Mind and early retirement in Florida.

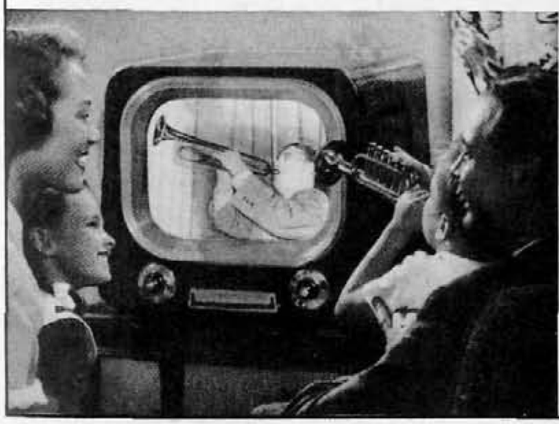
Mediocrity is the way I know I'm just like everyone else.



OUR MEDIOCRE HERITAGE

by Hugo Winterhalter and the Orchestra

Yes! Mediocrity Is a Way of Life for Millions! Tens ot Millions! Right Now! But — how many of these tens ot millions have taken **even a few minutes** to contemplate OUR PRECIOUS MEDIOCRE HERITAGE? How about YOU! Are you "too busy"? Or maybe you think that just by oiling your power mower or getting in 18 holes before breakfast or engaging in other mediocre activities that you are discharging your obligation to the great concept of MEDIOCRITY? Well, WAKE UP, wise guy. We can all take a tip from the RADICAL MIND-POLLUTERS who are trying to destroy our mediocre way of life. Already, groups of WIDE-AWAKE MEDIOCRITIES are organizing the MEDIOCRE DEFENSE LEAGUE, and pressing for MEDIOCRE STUDIES PROGRAMS. YOU can become a part of these exciting developments by listening to the great mediocre voices of the past.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL GOLD

Test your knowledge of OUR MEDIOCRE HERITAGE BY ASKING YOURSELF THESE QUESTIONS:

1) DID YOU KNOW THAT
   a) Mediocrity was well known to the ancients?
   b) Benjamin Franklin was a practicing mediocrity?
   c) Willa Cather had a working vocabulary of under 500 words?
   d) Most government officials have a hard time with long division?

2) DO YOU KNOW WHY
   a) President Chester A. Arthur, born in Vermont, appointed Collector of the Port of New York in 1871, supporter of Civil Service Reform, vigorous prosecutor of the Star Route Trials, is called "The Father of American Mediocrity"?
   b) Belgium is called "The Most Mediocre Country in the World"?

3) DO YOU KNOW WHICH
   a) Ruth Roman picture is called "the most uninteresting flick ever made"?
   b) Major Protestant denomination puts the accent on mediocrity?

4) DO YOU KNOW HOW
   a) To play Canasta?
   b) To get in touch with Herbert Hoover's son and namesake?

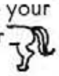
START YOUR MEDIOCRE HOME STUDIES NOW BY SENDING FOR THE LARGE, UNINTERESTING BOOK CALLED **Great Mediocrities Through Western History: From the Pharisees To You.**

by George Swift Trow and Michael O'Donoghue

ENJOY THE GOOD LIFE WITH JUNE ALLYSON



5 BASIC RULES

1. LIVE — in Delaware.
2. NAME YOUR THREE CHILDREN AND YOUR DOG — "Wendy," "Chuck," "Junior" and "Lady."
3. ATTEND — the Methodist church of your choice.
4. ESCHEW — glitter and tinsel .
5. KEEP — your ♡ in America or get your  out.

BONUS RULE

6. TAKE YOUR FLY-NOW-PAY-LATER, SUN-DRENCHED, 21-DAY EUROPEAN DREAM VACATION — in Belgium.

10 MEDIOCRE THINGS TO DO



1. Teach your parakeet to say "Pretty bird!"
2. Let your Savings Bonds mature.
3. Fight wax buildup with ammonia.
4. Purchase additional reels for your GAP "Stereo" View Master.
5. Vote for your favorite contestant on **Ted Mack and The Original Amateur Hour.***
6. Give a Tupperware party.
7. Select toilet tissue to match your bathroom.
8. Write "PLEASE WASH ME" on a dirty automobile.
9. Celebrate Red Letter Day.
10. Send 25 cents to **The Reader's Digest** for a reprint of an article that shows you how you can enrich your life.

*Send your vote on a postcard to:
The Original Amateur Hour
604 West 57 Street
New York, New York

20 MEDIOCRE THINGS TO S

1. "It takes money to make money."
2. "Victor Borge can really play when he wants to."
3. "Summer colds are always the worst."
4. "If a boy's old enough to fight for his country, he's old enough to drink."
5. "Marriage is what you make it."
6. "Negro cops are harder on their own."
7. "There's no substitute for hard work."
8. "Boxing isn't what it used to be."
9. "You can't get a decent job without a good education."
10. "Albee is all right, I suppose, but I go to the theater to be entertained."
11. "It's not what you know but **who** you know."
12. "Hippies are the biggest conformists of all."
13. "Hot enough for you?"
14. "You have to live with a painting to really appreciate it."
15. "Black olives are an acquired taste."
16. "College teaches the questions, not the answers."
17. "Liberace laughs all the way to the bank."
18. "German is so gutteral."
19. "I like mini-skirts but not on my wife."
20. "Wilson was an idealist."

ASK YOUR DOCTOR ABOUT THESE MEDIOCRE DISEASES



SPECIAL READER BONUS

SOME MEDIOCRE PEOPLE, PLACES AND THINGS

Carnation Instant Breakfast
Knit ties
Blue Cross
Blue Shield
Convertible furniture
Fannie Flagg
American Tourister Luggage
Monogrammed belt buckles
Good Seasons Salad Dressing
Wall-to-wall carpeting
The University of Michigan
Arlene Francis pins
Cupcakes
Dixieland
Scotkin Paper Napkins
Adela Rogers St. John
Venetian blinds
Speidel "Twist-O-Flex" Watchbands
Redbook
Dental technicians
Home permanents
Kellogg's Pop-Tarts
One-cent sales
Ruth Roman

TESTIMONIAL

I used to be a real Broadway type—flashy clothes, playing the ponies, a new dame every night . . . **the works!** I STOOD OUT LIKE A SORE THUMB! Then I wised up to Mediocrity (and am I glad I did!). I got hitched, took a responsible position as a dental technician and, in a few years, was pulling down enough to finance a new Dodge Coronet! Now, instead of wasting my Sundays at the racetrack, I sing baritone in Wilmington's First Methodist Church Choir!

Needless to say, I owe it all to Mediocrity!

Norris N. Spenser
Wilmington, Del.





I was the son of a famous courtesan and a Russian nobleman. At the age of 8, doctors discovered in me an incurable talent for playing the piano. At 18, I fought in Spain. At 21, I became Prime Minister of a major European country. Desperately unhappy, I turned to Mediocrity. I am proud to say I received personal help from Senator Hruska. Now, as I look at my wife and children (Wendy, Chuck and Junior), and my lovely home in Rehobeth Beach, Del., I can truly say that I know the contentment of the wonderful world of Mediocrity.

Sincerely,
Absinthe Esterhazy
Rehobeth Beach, Del.

LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT JUNE ALLYSON'S HOME ENTERTAINMENT CENTER



How many times have you been embarrassed because you failed to recognize a famous melody? Cringe no more! Hugo Winterhalter and the Orchestra have recorded 2,000 years of Famous Musical Masterpieces — AND THEY'VE PUT IT ON ONE 45 RPM RECORD. Ingenious Hugo has eliminated all the boring parts from such Famous Musical Masterpieces as:

The Grand March from *Aida*
Blue Danube Waltz
Nutcracker Suite
The Swan Lake
Rhapsody in Blue
Show Boat

Now there is no need to suffer through boring "movements," "recitatives," "restatements." Forget about difficult "counterpoint." YOU'LL HEAR ONLY THE FAMOUS PARTS — tastefully arranged in ONE BEAUTIFUL MEDLEY spanning 2,000 years of musical history. Remember, music is an important part of The Wonderful World of Mediocrity.



A BRIEF GUIDE TO MEDIOCRITY ON TELEVISION



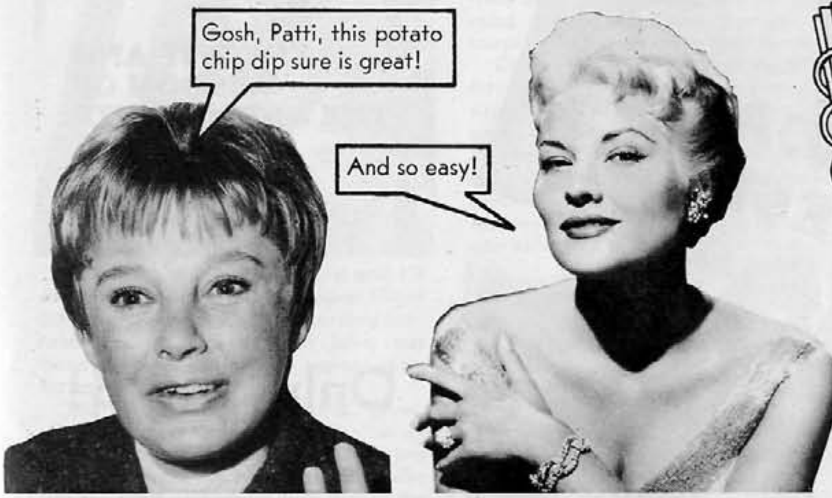
You can't go far wrong here, but CBS's Saturday night line up rates special mention:

8:30 **My Three Sons**—Comedy, with Fred MacMurray, William Demarest and others (C)
9:00 **Green Acres** — Comedy, with Eddie Albert, Eva Gabor and others (C)
9:30 **Petticoat Junction** — Comedy, with Edgar Buchanan, June Lockhart and others (C)

It is still possible to catch reruns of ***The Donna Reed Show.*** Check local listings for time and channel.



PATTI PAGE'S PERSONAL POTATO CHIP DIP RECIPE!



Stir the contents of one envelope of Lipton Onion Soup Mix into one pint of dairy sour cream. Blend thoroughly. Chill. Makes 2 cups. Use as a dip with potato chips or crackers.

Variations: Add crumbled bleu cheese; or flaked tuna and lemon juice; or crabmeat and dill; or cottage cheese with chopped cucumber and radish; or diced avocado and tomato.



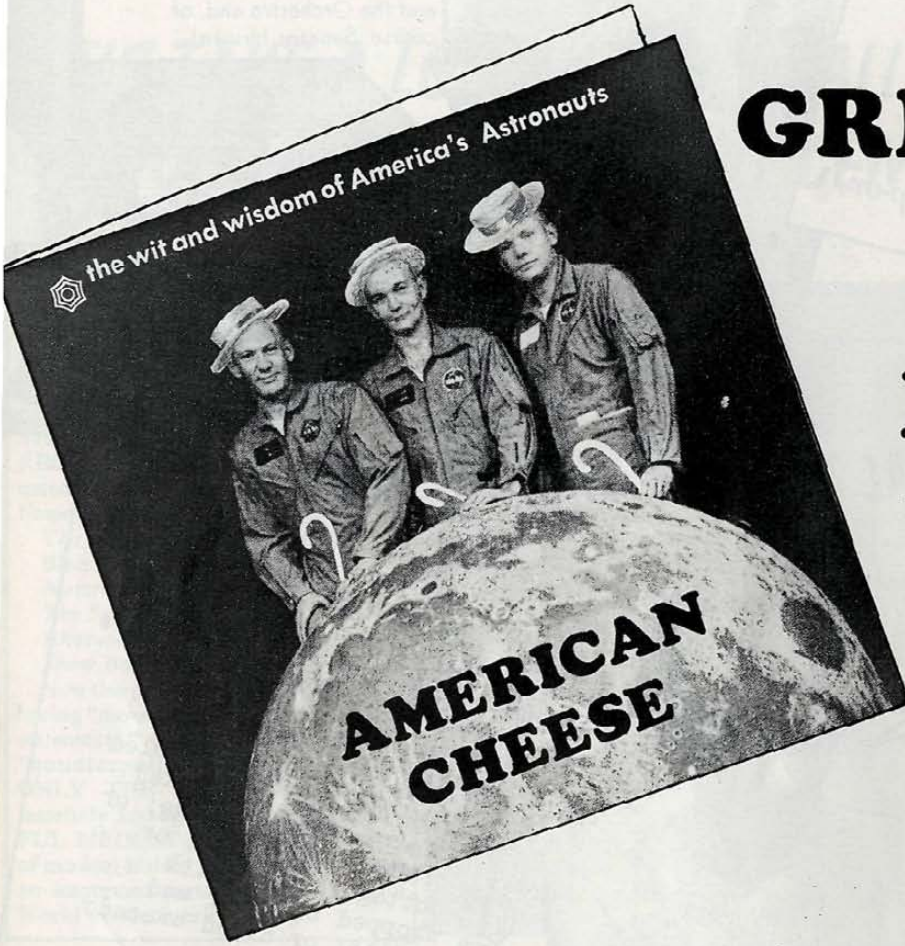
WHAT MEDIOCRITY MEANS TO ME
by June Allyson
as told to Senator Hruska

We've just seen the fun side of The Wonderful World of Mediocrity and I'm sure you're all asking, "What about our **responsibilities,** June?"

You know, at one time or another, we've all been tempted to march to a different drummer — to cancel the **Family Circle** subscription, to turn off **Bewitched,** to skip a Christmas Club payment, to toss out the King Korn trading stamps, to scoff at Faith Baldwin or, in short, to flaunt the very values that have made this country what it is today! But never forget — we are Mediocre just as long as we fight to preserve our Mediocrity!

To coin a phrase, Mediocrity, like marriage, is what you make it!

So long and God Bless, *June*



THE GREATEST SHOW OFF EARTH!

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF THE ASTRONAUTS

ON TWO LONG-PLAYING RECORDS

Only $7.98!

BY MICHEL CHOQUETTE AND SEAN KELLY

Recorded live—*as it happened* —the wit and wisdom of America's Astronauts (electronically rechannelled for stereo).

An all-American, all-star collection of the best of the many humorous sayings of our Men in Space, from the first sub-orbital one-liners to lunar-surface repartee.

Ten years in the making — a cast of thousands — a cost of billions. On two long-playing Vinylite records, the side-*splitting moments which culminated in* what President Nixon called "the greatest week since the Creation" . . . brilliantly re-created through the snappy humor of the astronauts themselves and their Earthbound sidekicks. Perfect for parties.

Here are just a few samples of what you can expect. . . .

SIDE 1—COUNTDOWN TO LAUGHTER

Gemini 6, Mission Control: "I think you have a space first — the first sneeze in space. . . . There will be no in-flight movies tonight."

Gemini 9, Stafford: "We sure did have an enjoyable weekend."

Gemini 12, Mission Control: "Smile, you're on the boob tube."

Apollo 7, Schirra: "Yabba-dabba-doo!! That was a real nice to-do!"

Apollo 8, Borman: "Please be informed there *is* a Santa Claus." [It was Christmas.]

Apollo 10, Stafford: "There's enough *boulders here to fill up Galveston Bay."*

Apollo 9, Scott: "Hot diggety dog!"

Apollo 11, Aldrin: "Hey, Houston, you suppose you could turn the Earth a little bit so we could get a little more than just water?"

Apollo 11, Armstrong: "Okay, Houston, I'm on the porch."

Apollo 12, Conrad [digging up lunar rock samples]: "This is a dandy, extra grapefruit-sized goodie!"

Apollo 13, Haise [even aboard ill-starred Apollo 13, the astronauts never *forgot that the show must go on.*]: "Now you see why we call it a refrigerator."

Apollo 13, Mission Controls: "Is it snowing?"

Apollo 13, Haise: "No, no, not quite."

SIDE 2—ALL SYSTEMS GO, FROM MIRTH TO MOON

Mission Control: "Take a picture."

Lovell [aboard Gemini 6]: "Smile!"

That's just one example of the light-hearted banter that kept audiences glued to their television screens from *coast to coast. You'll find it all here, re-*corded live, just as it happened.

But Lovell came out on the losing end of this exchange:

Lovell: "I can see your lips moving."

Schirra [aboard Gemini 7]: "I'm chewing gum."

Lovell: "How is the visibility?"

Schirra: "Pretty bad. I see through the window and see you fellows inside!"

Sometimes the astronauts almost seemed to be trying to "top" each other:

Gemini 10, Young: "Columbus was *right. The world is round."*

Gemini 11, Conrad: "We're on top of the wold! Utterly fantastic . . . the world is round!"

Apollo 10, Cernan: "I'm voting for the world's being round, if there are any dissenters. It's almost like science fiction, looking back at it."

Of course, we've included the classic bit of one-upmanship that gave our album its name:

Mercury 8, Schirra: "I'm sorry, Marty, my son, I did not see any green cheese."

Apollo 8, Borman: "It's not made of green cheese at all. It's made of AMERICAN CHEESE!"

And how could we leave out Astronaut Young's brilliant ad lib aboard Gemini 10: "Another small item we lost was the flight plan. Out the window!" Mission Control was forced to concede: "Everybody got the best laugh out of the mission from that."

But Mission Control had the last laugh on short-tempered Wally Schirra.



"Show me a man with a beard and I'll show you a protester," quipped Flight Director Paul Haney. (This recording contains the original of that joke, not Haney's press-conference repeat performance.)

This side includes several "in" jokes, among them Mission Control's "wisecrack" to the Gemini 12 team: "We just voted you guys the two astronauts who get the most altitude control out of the least thrusters."

SIDE 3—GIANT STEPS AND FANCY STEPPING

Contains songs, poems, dances and the homespun philosophy of America's own spacemen. You'll thrill with nostalgia as you hear once again the original recording of Pete Conrad's song — the first to be composed and performed on the Lunar stage:

Whoopee!!
Dum dee
Dum dum dum dum
I feel like Bugs
Bunn-ee!!

and his wife, Jane, reading aloud the ode she composed for her highflying breadwinner:

Twinkle, twinkle, Gemini 5
Tomorrow you'll take a great big dive
Zinging toward the ocean blue
And I send my love to you.

You'll find your foot tapping in time to Wally Schirra's infectious triangle-playing as he leads "The Gemini 6" in a heartwarming rendition of *Jingle Bells.*

There are moments, too, when the wit of the astronauts probes deep, giving us all a glimpse of the "hidden side" of lunar exploration:



Lovell: "You know what they say, *C'est la vie!*"

Cernan: "Where the hell are we going?"

Collins: "There's something different from being a couple of hundred thousand miles from home than being a couple of hundred miles from home."

Conrad: "I felt I ought to be able to interpret some of what I had seen and experienced so that I could have a better understanding not only of the direction of space flight but also some fundamental truths about man, God, the universe, and their relationships. This hasn't happened yet. . . . Maybe it takes time *and reflective thought.*"



SIDE 4—ASTRO-NAUGHTINESS

Although Sides 1, 2 and 3 are for the entire family, Side 4 is definitely *not* for the little ones. When you hear it, you'll know why Gordon called his fellow astronauts "probably the dirtiest playboys in the world." (Apollo 12)

You'll snicker knowingly as you hear Pat McDivitt ask her orbiting hubby whether he's "being a good boy in space."

Let your imagination "orbit" around an Appolo10 conversation that got off the launching pad this way:

Mission Control: "Maybe there'll be dancing girls."

Stafford: "Is that going to be a top-hat or topless type of affair?"

Find out what Mission Control was getting at when it said to Apollo 11: "Uh, we had some strange noises coming down on the downlink radio beams from the spaceship, and, uh, it sounded like you had some friends up there. . . ."

Hear the earthy language that offended some Earthlings — the cuss words which Dr. Larry Poland, Director of the Bible College of Miami, called "blasphemous and scandalous . . . carrying the language of the streets to the moon."

And much, much more. . . .

"Their responses are very sharp and they've got a good sense of humor. Their sense of humor is . . . very excellent."
— Dr. Charles A. Berry
Gemini Flight Surgeon

"I'm married to the biggest ham of all!"
— Barbara Cernan
Wife of Apollo 10
astronaut Eugene Cernan



"These . . . performances are exceedingly important . . . to show the American public what the astronauts can do."
— Glynn Lunney
Flight Director, Apollo 11

"The one and only original orbiting road show, starring acrobats from outer space."
— Donn Eisele
Apollo 7 astronaut

This historic double album will keep you laughing for many moons to come. Order extra copies for your friends and neighbors, too. Limited supply. Don't delay. Mail coupon today. Only $7.98.

FREE Enterprises, Box 001,
Fayette, Iowa

I am both patriotic and interested in a good laugh. Please send me the album we have all been waiting for.

Enclosed is ☐ check, ☐ money order, or charge my ☐ American Express, ☐ Diners Club, ☐ BankAmericard or ☐ Master Charge. (No stamps, please.)

Name ______________
(please print)

Address ______________

City __________ State ______ ZIP ______

Planet ______________



ILLUSTRATION BY PETER BRAMLEY

Diana Barrymore Drinking Songs

by Michael O'Donoghue

CAUTION

This illustration has been found too vulgar to be run as originally intended. In its present state, however, it has been rendered entirely harmless. Since its activation would require knowledge of a complex four-part process including such difficult steps as (1) carefully removing this page from the magazine (2) gluing it to stiff cardboard (3) cutting out each piece with a razor or scissors, and (4) painstakingly assembling the puzzle-like parts, it is therefore completely safe.

WARNING

This article has been judged to be too tasteless and too offensive for normal publication. It is included here solely as a historical document and has been printed by a revolutionary new holographic process. It can be read only with the aid of a heliocentric optispectral laser, a sophisticated device that works on much the same principle as a household mirror. Access to such equipment is, of course, restricted.

To Tell the Truth

ANNOUNCER: "Number 1, what is your real name?"
NUMBER 1: "My name is Lenny Bruce!"
ANNOUNCER: "Number 2, what is your real name?"
NUMBER 2: "My name is Lenny Bruce!"
ANNOUNCER: "Number 3, what is your real name?"
NUMBER 3: ". . . I don't know, m*therf**ker! . . ."
ANNOUNCER: "And now, will the real Lenny Bruce please shoot up!"

(Number 3 stumbles to his feet and promptly od's with an enormous hypodermic needle. . . .)

* * *

The Road to Hell is Paved with Good Inventions

No doubt you've often wondered, "Why are blind people so ugly?" Well, one reason is that they don't take very good care of themselves. For example, a blind person will polish his cordovan shoes, brush his cardigan sweater, attach his clip-on necktie — and then blow it all by leaving a piece of spinach hanging from his nose. But the main reason the "sightless are a sight" is their eyes. Their eyes are weird. Their eyes are weird because there is one thing that blind people's eyes can't do that other people's can (besides see, silly!): *twinkle!* Blind people's eyes never twinkle, sparkle, light up, shine, flash or smile!

Scientists for centuries have grappled with this problem. Ludicrous as it now sounds, our blind forefathers used to glue fireflies to their eyelids. But it was not until recently, with the invention of the automatic twinkler, that a significant breakthrough was achieved.

The automatic twinkler, based on the principle of the electric bow tie, is merely a battery-operated control, carried in the pocket, connected to two flesh-colored wires which run up the chest, around the neck and through the back of the head to the eyes. Actually, the device is so simple and seemingly apparent that more than one scientist has been heard to exclaim, "Gosh! Why didn't *I* think of that!"

Now, when a fellow says "I love you!" to a blind gal, she just presses the button and her eyes *shine!*

When blind kids get a puppy for Christmas, they press the button and their eyes *light up!*

And when listening to the theme from *Exodus*. . . .

* * *

The Art Linkletter Doll — Wind it up and it writes *Daughters Say the Darndest Things!*

* * *

Deadland
(Where Walt Disney went when he left us. . . .)

THEME: "Let's sail off in a coffin to Deadland
Where dreams will all come true;
And bluebirds play in the Milky Way
With chipmunks and puppy dogs, too.

"It's a candy and gingerbread land,
And, as you can plainly see,
The folks who live in Deadland have
More life than you or me!"

HAL: Hi! My name's Hal, the Conqueror Worm, and I'm your host on tonight's visit to Deadland! In a few minutes, we'll pay a call on the Lindbergh baby, but first, this important message.

WALT DISNEY: I get lots of letters from kids everywhere asking how they can come to Deadland! Why, it's as easy as pie!

The quickest way to reach Deadland is to fly here! Simply make two paper airplanes (don't forget to attach paper clips to the noses!), hold one in each hand, and jump from the highest window in your house! Make sure

to pack some peanut butter sandwiches to eat on the way (and take along a few jelly beans, too)!

One of the best ways to reach Deadland is by the Magic Tunnel that lies just behind the Enchanted Door! And where is the Enchanted Door? Why, it's on the front of any old refrigerator! And once you're inside, don't forget to shut the Enchanted Door tight so Mommy can't follow you!

See you soon! And be sure to tune in next week when I tell you about the free toys that grow underneath trains *and on the tops of high-power lines and in the bottom of* deserted mining shafts!

PATRICK BOUVIER KENNEDY: It's Secret Time here at Deadland and today's secret is — *how to recognize Santa Claus!* You may not know that when Christmas is over, Santa often disguises himself so he can see if all you little *boys and girls are being good! Instead of donning his* traditional red suit and white whiskers, St. Nick dresses up as a disgusting, unkempt old man with his fly open! And don't bother buying carrots for the reindeer because he leaves his sleigh parked at the North Pole! More likely, he'll be driving an unmarked, black Chevy! Now you're probably wondering, 'With so many disgusting, unkempt old men around, how will I know which one is the real Santa?' The answer, of course, beyond the telltale red nose, is that the real Santa will invite you to go with him for some ice cream and candy!

* * *

The Whitney Young Doll — Wind it up and it combs its hair with buttered toast!

* * *

Daffynitions

The Daffynition of a "hemosexual" is a bloodsucker!

* * *

The Day Jim Bishop Was Shot
— plus —
*The Kennedy Curse**
("Not tonight, Ari, I've got the curse!")
— plus —
More Deletions from
The Manchester Book
(or Flogging a Dead Hearse)

PAGE 43.
"After the shots, I looked down at the scarlet blood that covered my pink wool dress and noted, with mounting horror, that it . . . it clashed!

PAGE 183.
". . . and drove from Parkland [Parkland Memorial *Hospital*] to Dallas's Love *Field where we found, to our* shock and dismay, that Lyndon had already assumed control of Air Force One, the official Presidential plane. *When we attempted to board the aircraft, he blocked the* entrance, explaining, "Ah'm powerful sorry, honey, but whut with the press an' all, yer President jus' don't have room fer yew and the stiff both! So, Ah figger t'fly Jack back muhself!"

"But what of me?" I inquired.

"Naow, don't yew fret none, li'l lady! Yer President's a-lookin' out fer yew! Outta muh own pocket, Ah bought yew a fust-class ticket back t'Washington onna Greyhoun' bus!"

"I refuse to leave the side of our demised leader, the fallen Captain of our Ship of State!"

Wiping his nose on his sleeve, the tall Texan replied, "In that case, Ah s'pose we kin hitch a U-Haul-It t'the bus!"

PAGE 226.
"You know, he still looks better than Nixon!"

PAGE 319.
"I guess my biggest disappointment came three days after the burial when Jack didn't rise from the dead!"

*Available on request — The Kennedy Curse Calendar (over 2,000 entries!). Now you'll know the exact day the Nazis zapped Joe, when Kathleen crashed, when Teddy got nabbed cribbing, even when Charles Hamilton sold Jackie's mash notes! It's all here, from the sprained backs to the skiing mishaps, from the mutants to the basket-cases!

A sob and a tear
For each day of the year!

Bonus! Send now and you'll receive an unretouched 8 x 10 glossy photo of John-John saluting on the Chappaquiddick bridge!

* * *

Reindeer Games

PAT BUTTRAM: And now, here's Gene for Wrigley's.

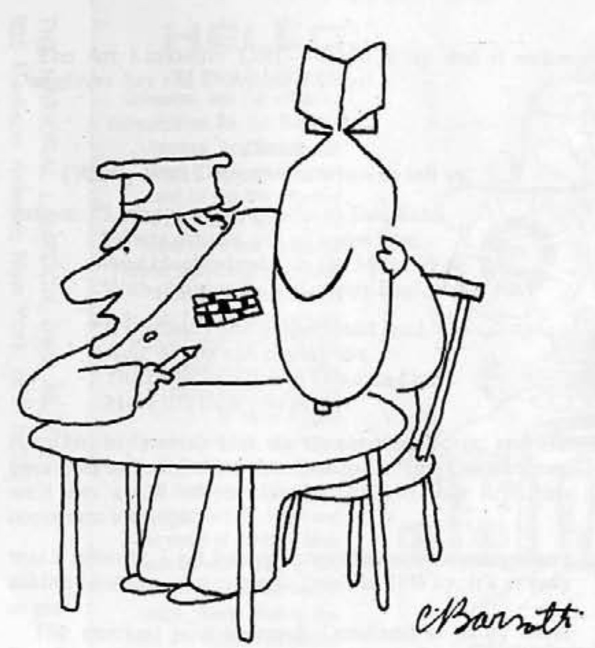
GENE AUTREY: *Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer*
Had a very shiny nose;
And if you ever saw it,
You would even say it glows.

All of the other reindeer
Used to laugh and call him names —

ALL OF THE OTHER REINDEER: *Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Hey, Shithead!*

* * *

The Judy Garland Doll — Wind it up and it pisses on its shoes!



"However, now, gentlemen, we see the frown has become a smile."

(continued from page 22)

(e) The Vacation and the Weekend Trip
The Vacation is included under hobbies, but it is, for the Basic Roob, much more. It is a ritual. It is the one time that he is on his own, away from the job, away from the Box, but never, of course, away from himself.

Summer is the season for the great Roobmove. When June comes bustin' out all over, you can spot carfuls of them on every major artery, their faces set in a terrible look of purpose. Their purpose is, first, to Get There; second, to measure the gas mileage it took them to Get There.

What is the reason for this great migration? When did it all begin?

First, you must understand the awesome importance to Roobs of the Vacation or the Weekend Trip. An exhausting and dangerous drive on a crowded thruway to an equally crowded and over-priced resort is their claim to membership in the Leisure Class. They go in search of the Pepsi People, the Ale Men, the Swingers; and they live in deadly fear that they may take the wrong road, read the wrong travel ads and not see the turnoff to Marlboro country. They are afraid they will *miss something*.

The Roob believes with all his heart that somewhere along Route 12A all the Fun People are having a Fun Time under the benevolent eye of a recreation counselor. No right-minded Fun Person would ever isolate himself or seek his own diversions, for a Roob's identity is based on attendance at mass functions that require standing in line, such as a company barbecue or the opening of a snake farm.

He transports himself in candy-colored cars, with boxes of Kleenex in the rear window, plastic Jesi or monkeys suction-cupped to the dash and Esso maps unfolded in the front seat.

If you see a Roob on a winding road, you can be sure he is lost and forlornly seeking the safety of the turnpike.

His meccas are any state with "vacationland" printed on its license plates (or on the paper place mats in roadside restaurants). Or any Historical Landmark. Or any Authentic Reconstruction with attendants wearing period costumes. Or any World's Fair. Or any place he didn't see last year — because he *knows* the Fun People aren't *there*.

Triptime is a time for Fun Food: anything that comes in a wrapper, on a paper plate, with a flag on it, or is over eight inches high with a maraschino cherry on top. And (as always) hot dogs, hamburgers and pizzas. A Roob child can smell a pizza at a distance of fifteen hundred yards with the wind against him. Roobs never eat the specialty of the region unless it has been breaded and deep-fried so that it tastes exactly like a french fry.

Their vacation pastimes include (1) littering, (2) eating, sleeping or sitting in a Howard Johnson's, (3) squeezing into the most crowded part of a beach and greasing one another, (4) walking slowly and suspiciously down the main street of a resort town and comparing the menu prices posted in different windows, (5) spotting license plates from their home state and accosting the drivers, (6) sitting in their own cars overlooking any place called "scenic" and reading a newspaper, (7) buying postcards and (8) buying fake Dresden figurines in a cut-rate Armenian store to remind them of the rugged coast of Maine.

Vacationing Roobs all look as if someone blew a bugle at 4 A.M. and they all got up and dressed in the dark. The females no longer wear men's shirts, Capri pants and rollers in their hair, but are now seen in "casual wear" as recommended by *Woman's Day*, the supermarket *Vogue*.

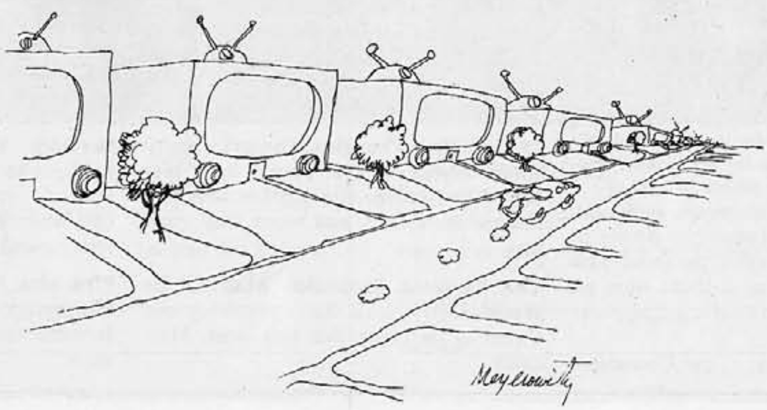
They wear mini-shifts, Bermudas, bell-bottomed slack suits made from flamboyant prints reminiscent of the rain forests. Halters. Large hats with Dacron ponytails attached and stacked-heel sandals. They like plastic articles in which forms of marine life can be embedded or any straw article with shells on it or Fun Jewelry shaped like flora or fauna. They carry satchelly handbags decorated with plastic flowers, alligators or carrots and wear sunglasses encrusted with busted glass.

For noncasual occasions they have at least one pastel-colored outfit which is "matched": pink or powder-blue sweater, skirt, stubby shoes and jacket with fur trim.

The males, in addition to their cameras, wear those sports shirts in inexplicable colors which, even when new, look as if they've been washed twelve times and which cost $4.95. The amount a Basic pays for his shirts is in some way permanently impressed on his mind. He will spend $20 in a bar, buy a $3,800 car, a $600 color TV, but will never spend more than $6 on a shirt (unless he plays golf or is on a bowling team).

They wear the shirts tieless and coatless or with the collar folded over the lapels of their sports jackets. They wear caps with green plastic windows cut in the long visors. Turtlenecks and thin knit pullovers with strange symbols sewn on the pocket rim which vaguely suggests some Medieval Sport. They assert individuality with funny shoes and pencils and pens in their breast pockets. For more formal wear the male has a whole set of suits and accessories which are just like his cold-weather clothes except they are ventilated. The shirt is a mass of perforations called Wunda-weave. The shoes are toeless cordovans. The hat has several portholes in it. In short, the summer Roob is one big advertisement for Evaporation.

With each succeeding season the Roobs hurl themselves still more fiercely into the game of Musical Towns, bent on seeing every square inch of Everything. Constant mobility has become a way of life; instant somewhere-else a fact. Will it all end only when there are Dairy Queen stands and pizza parlors in Tibet and the equatorial pygmies are playing Pokerino and miniature golf? Probably. And now, of course, there's always the moon . . . □



Mrs. Mitchell's Grocery List



1 bottle vinegar
bunch grapes (sour)
2-pound box Georgia crackers
3 cans mixed nuts
1 bottle bitters
4 pounds fresh tongue
2 pounds beef
2 pounds tripe
6 turkey wings (right only)
1 pound calf's brains
1 bottle red whine
3 cases bourbon

Don't think it's funny? Well, if you can do better, enter the *National Lampoon*'s reader participation contest. Simply make up a mythical grocery list for a famous person, dead or alive, real or fictional. The best grocery lists will earn their authors $15. Second prizewinners will collect $10 each, and third prizewinners will get (ho-hum) a year's subscription to you-know-what.

Send all entries to: Miss Mary Marshmallow
Grocery Editor
c/o The National Lampoon
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Entries must be postmarked no later than August 15, 1970.

!! COMING NEXT MONTH !!



PARANOIA

Next month, the *National Lampoon* kicks out the jams, pulls out the stops and takes you in tow on an all-expense-paid junket into the nether world of . . . *FEAR!* Big fears, little fears, pickle-in-the-middle fears. Between the covers of this issue, your favorite paranoid fantasies will carry on as if there were no tomorrow, which isn't such a bad guess at that.

What's your pleasure . . . the Commies? . . the pigs? . . the CIA? . . the seven danger signs? Learn the real facts about your favorite bummers in:

The Secret of San Clemente/An adult horror comic, this colorful romp through Dr. Dick's Cabinet of Horrors will keep you on the edge of your hot seat. Don't forget the garlic, mirrors and silver crosses. A loyalty oath wouldn't hurt, either.

The L.A. Rip-Off / The underground newspaper for the Oh Wow generation. Find out how to make bombs from these outdated love items: ground-up granny glasses, shattered love beads, sharp-edged peace medallions.

25 Unsettling Thoughts/Things to worry about: Have you ever seen a *baby* pigeon? Then maybe the pigeons that you see *are* the babies, and when they grow up. . . .

The Paranoid Projection Map of the World/Every racial slur, conspiracy and threat in its place. See you later, Mercator.

I Crossed State Lines to Incite A Riot/A frank, straight from the shoulder-holster report on where have all the flower-freaks gone.

The Day Jim Bishop Died/It all comes together: the Grassy Knoll, the Second Mustang, the Fourth Shot. Recorded live at the Ruby Room of the Hotel Zapruder.

Won't You Come Home, Joe McCarthy?/ Without his efforts, we'd be forced to do business with one phone company, one power company. Brutal police would walk the streets and demonstrators would be thrown into jail. Boy, are we lucky.

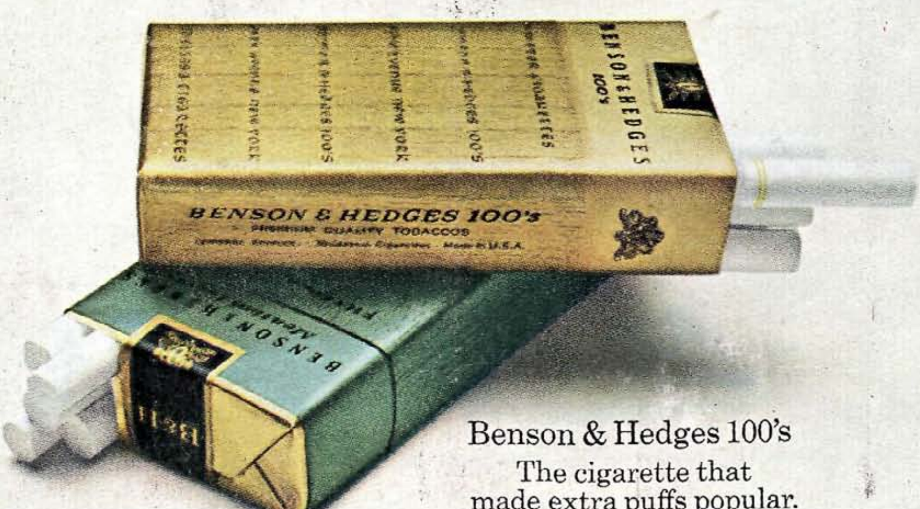
Sky-Jack Magazine/The new in-flight publication that tells you all you need to know for your personal safety and comfort when the maniac behind you takes over your 747.

Plus: Mrs. Agnew's Diary, Your Monthly Horrorscope, Copious Advertising and Innumerable Lapses of Editorial Judgment.


English Leather
English Leather
SOAP
English Leather
HAIR DRESSING
English Leather
LOTION
English Leather
COLOGNE



Benson & Hedges 100's must taste pretty good. Look what people put up with to smoke them.



Benson & Hedges 100's

The cigarette that
made extra puffs popular.

REGULAR OR MENTHOL